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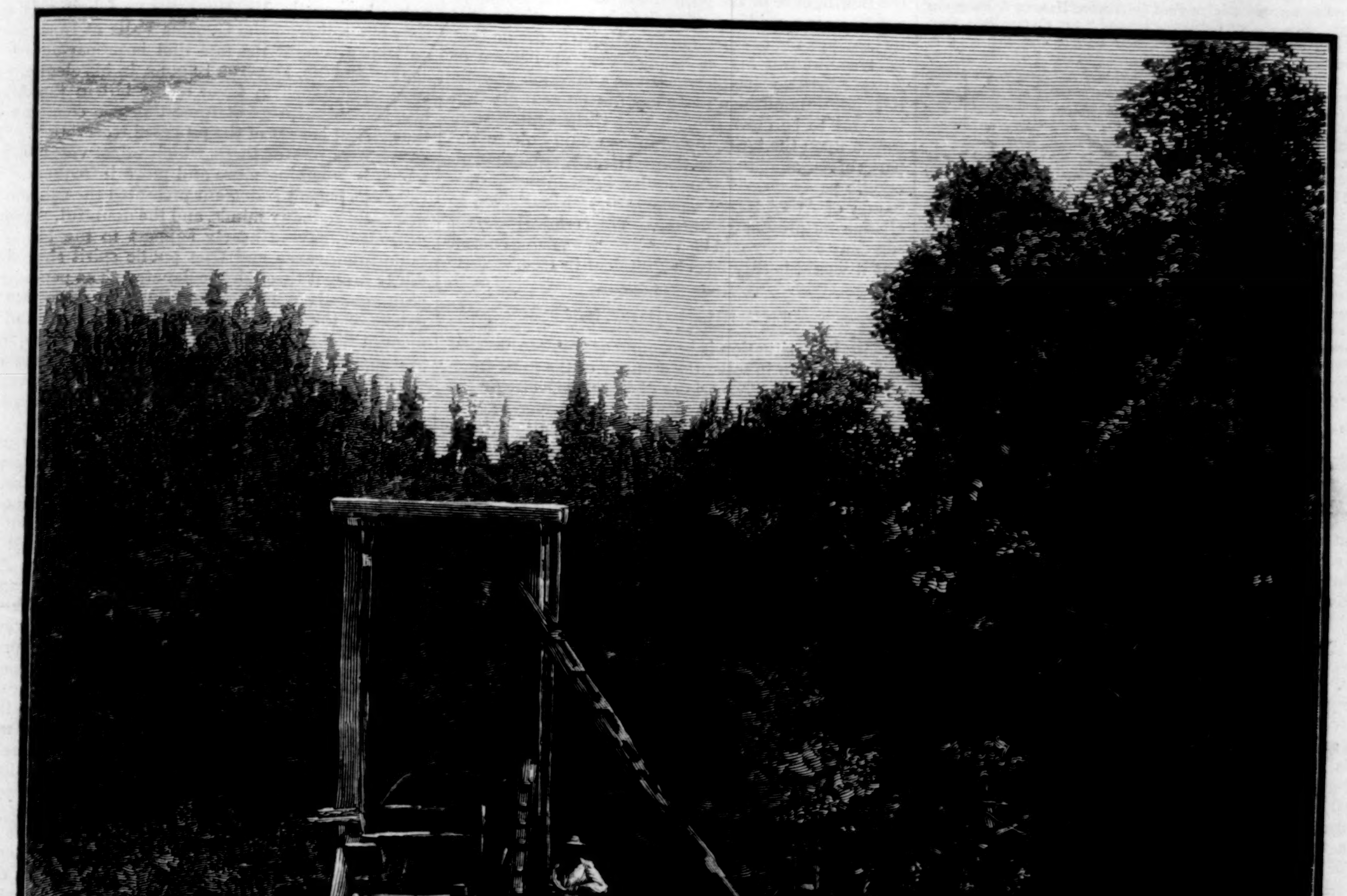


A SALMON WHEEL ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.—DRAWN BY A. C. REDWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE DEMOCRATIC DILEMMA.

IF the Republican party is to be relieved of power at the next election, it is but fair to assume that the result will be accomplished only by a party united enthusiastically upon a great public policy. A party of divided and conflicting counsels upon such a policy could not hope for success, because the prominence of the question would compel the opposing party to disregard minor differences, and combine for party success. It is obvious that the question upon which many ardent Democrats wish the election to turn is protection. But it is even more evident that upon the question of protection the party is at fatal odds. This is not surprising, for the recent tariff debate in Congress showed that many leading Democrats hesitated, and declined to withdraw the interests of their own immediate constituents from the protective care of a tariff. Mr. BECK, of Kentucky, and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* are strenuous for a policy which would certainly insure the loss of Pennsylvania to the Democratic candidate, and upon which there is no evidence or probability that he could carry New York. It is because the views which they advocate are generally supposed to be free-trade views, and for free trade the country is not ready.

This is frankly conceded by other Democratic journals, which declare that for free trade, in the broad and absolute sense of destruction of Custom-houses and the total abrogation of duties, there is no party of any importance whatever. They insist that the practical political significance of the phrase "free trade" is simply a revenue tariff, and that this is the true antithesis of protection. But this interpretation would not necessarily serve the needs of the party, because to the Democracy of the Pennsylvania or RANDALL school—and it is a very large one—no antithesis of protection is welcome. Democrats of that school praise Jeffersonian principles with great fervor, and denounce Republican rascality with unction, but they want protection; and a clearly defined issue for or against a strictly revenue tariff would send them into opposition. Indeed, the whole situation reveals the difficulty, if not impossibility, of seeking Democratic success upon such an issue. Neither the great Democratic manufacturers nor the multitude of Democratic workmen desire it. The question of protection and of revenue is one of the most difficult of public questions for general popular apprehension. All the easy, obvious, *ad captandum* arguments which are most effective upon the stump and in newspaper squibs and appeals are on the side of protection. The close of the campaign of 1880 is full of instruction upon this point, and in an election joined upon the simple issue of protection to American labor, the Republican party need only hold its present passive position to be well assured of victory.

The fact is that to expect to make protection the cardinal question of the campaign of 1884 is to anticipate a contest over an issue upon which neither party has taken a side. It is agreed that there must be indirect and not direct taxation. Consequently there must be a tariff. Shall it be laid for protection, for incidental protection, or for revenue solely? If for revenue only shall the enormous interests of capital and labor which are involved in the present tariff system be at once abandoned to the chances of a radical change, or shall there be a sliding scale of gradual modification? Shall the whole internal revenue system be summarily discarded?—a system which is favored as most equitable by some of the most ardent and intelligent free-traders. Is it not the tendency of every party to be led by its most positive and extreme element, and will not the cautious, tentative scheme of revenue tariff, so guardedly explained by Democratic doctors, presently turn out to be free trade and immediate competition with the pauper labor of Europe? Amid a whirlwind of such questions, with all the prejudices and obvious advantages of the situation against the party which raises them, will not the old argument of letting well enough alone be invincible? In all that we say we are looking only at the chances of 1884. We are in no degree denying the intelligence of the people, nor doubting that upon a deliberate consideration of the whole question in all its bearings the country might ultimately decide that its true interest lay in the practical application of ADAM SMITH'S principles. But as a question of practical politics and of a party cry for the next election it seems to be clear enough that if the contest were forced upon the tariff, the country would hold by the party of reasonable protection. If, therefore, the Democratic party proposes to resolve itself into a propaganda of ADAM SMITH'S principles, it has decided to change its present character. We certainly should not deny that it would be a very commendable course, but it would hardly elect a President in 1884.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE Irish situation is becoming very grave, because it is getting to involve the security of the most innocent Irishmen. The crimes of desperate men and the gratification of individual malice are scored against a whole people, and a few more assassinations or attempted murders might easily precipitate a terrible catastrophe. This situation is confirmed by the passive indifference of intelligent Irishmen toward deeds which they can not approve. Their attitude is like that of Southerners toward the Ku-Klux fifteen years ago. It was in vain that they declared their freedom from responsibility for atrocities which they did not deplore enough even to condemn. Nothing would have so certainly hastened the restoration of mutual good feeling in this country as a prompt condemnation of the Ku-Klux crimes by intelligent and honorable Southerners, and vigorous efforts to bring offenders to justice. So when Mr. EGAN, the treasurer of the Land League, says that he should have resigned if the League had offered a reward for the arrest of the Phœnix Park assassins, and Mr. PARNELL, the president of the League, says that of course the attempt to blow up the government offices in London will be attributed to Ireland, they both show a spirit which obviously does not tend to repress such crimes.

But the English Government and the English people ought not to permit the cowardly, detestable, and frantic villainies of some Irishmen to affect their Irish policy. England can not allow a total separation from Ireland for two reasons. One is that such a separation would be an unpardonable betrayal. It would abandon the most intelligent and thrifty Irishmen to the tender mercies of ignorance and brutality. It would be an intolerable inhumanity, against which the civilized world would exclaim. The other is that Ireland separated from England would be instantly seized by some other power, and become the most dangerous menace to England. Whatever is done, therefore, must be done by England alone upon consultation with intelligent Irishmen, and it should be done in a spirit of practical justice. That is to say, separation being impossible, the union should contemplate the utmost possible local Irish rule for Ireland. Such a policy, indeed, would not satisfy assassins nor the friends of assassins, but it would satisfy the general judgment of mankind. And such a policy ought not to be affected by the number or the atrocity of individual Irish outrages. It would not be yielding to threats what ought not to be granted. It would be the recognition that a situation for which England is largely responsible has naturally produced outrages, and that the repression of them by the severest means ought not to be accompanied by refusal to adopt every reasonable measure to redress ancient and acknowledged wrongs.

No government should be driven by clamor or public indignation into a spirit of revenge, or suffer itself to be blinded to the eternal and inexorable laws of human affairs. If martial law in its severest form should be declared in Ireland, the terror, while it lasted, might repress actual outrage, but it would only deepen and strengthen the spirit from which outrage springs. The Irish question is the result of prolonged martial law, and whatever the tragedies and brutalities of Irish crime, it is impossible not to admit that martial law is not a remedy, and will not settle the question. CARLYLE, in a kind of fantastic despair, proposed the submersion of the island for twenty-four hours. But as extermination is out of the question, counsel must be taken, not of rage and revenge, but of reason and experience. It is not surprising that many persons think the situation to be hopeless. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, could he be freed from the wrath and unreason of an excited public opinion, would doubtless grapple with it successfully. Yet to prevent the control of the question from passing into the hands of those who would practically restore the terrible Irish *régime* of the end of the last century, Mr. GLADSTONE must feel himself compelled to yield much against his will. If, as the London correspondent of the *World* intimates, the Liberal Ministry should be at last overthrown by the Irish question, it would be only because English feeling is too deeply exasperated by horrible Irish crimes to tolerate any Irish policy but that which has always failed.

THE NIAGARA FALLS RESERVATION.

IN his speech before the Senate committee in favor of the rescue of Niagara from destruction as a grand natural spectacle, Mr. DORSHEIMER felicitously cited the obliteration of the Genesee Falls at Rochester as an illustration of the fate that is preparing for Niagara; and Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS, in his eloquent and suggestive speech in favor of the bill in the Assembly, showed with great force the true economy and the general benefit of the proposed reservation. This speech was one of those which affect votes—a kind which is becoming more and more infrequent. Mr. BROOKS'S cogent statement presented the subject in a new light to many minds, and the doubtful, wavering no longer, gave a hearty support to the bill. The same intelligence and true public spirit should certainly carry it through the Senate. The pending bill proposes only a preliminary inquiry respecting the extent of the area that should be reserved and the amount that should be paid, with collateral inquiries, and appropriates $10,000 for the necessary expenses of the investigation. The character of the active promoters of the enterprise is the sufficient guarantee that there is no job hidden in the inquiry.

This will doubtless be conceded. But it is urged that this is but the beginning, and that the enterprise will inevitably develop into a job. It is therefore opposed upon the ground that it is a waste of money, and that it is not a general public benefit. But this is not sound reasoning. It will not be denied that the Erie Canal has been a public benefit to the State, yet it passed through only a few counties. It can not be questioned that in the highest sense the State Library and the State Museum and the State Survey are general public benefits, and that the money appropriated for them is wisely spent. If it should be assumed that the people of the State were properly concerned in no public expense which did not touch some tangible interest in their own counties, New York would instantly drop from its eminence as a progressive State, and every county would feel the positive loss as well as disgrace that springs from the decay of public spirit.

The Niagara reservation belongs to the same class of public interests as parks and libraries and collections and charities and schools. The benefits of all these are at first moral, but they result in material advantages. This may be illustrated in the case of Niagara by the obvious fact that the strangers who would be annually attracted to the cataract would leave in the State far more money than would cover the cost of properly maintaining the reservation. In the case of a noble library or museum the same practical result accrues to the community from the visitors who are drawn to a city, not only for the special use of a library or scientific or historic collection, but by the general renown which great institutions give to it. As for the jobbery and vast expense which are alleged to be sure to result from the passage of the pending Niagara bill, it is enough to say that there need be no such apprehension, because no elaborately decorated park, but only a simple reservation, is contemplated, which can be maintained as economically and reasonably as the State Library or Museum by placing its care in the proper hands. Of course every public enterprise may be turned into a job, but that is not a reason for refusing to undertake desirable public works, although it is the most cogent argument for undertaking them and maintaining them carefully and wisely. It can hardly be held to be a sound argument against the preservation of the sublimest natural spectacle in the State, which is indeed one of the wonders of the world, that it may be turned into a job. Let the Legislature, in response to public opinion, take care that it shall not be a job. But let it also save New York from the lasting disgrace of permitting Niagara Falls to be practically obliterated.

A YANKEE STORY.

THERE is a great deal of good-natured banter every year at the New England dinner in New York about the final capture of the old Dutch stronghold by the "losel Yankees," and the most Dutch of New-Yorkers would not deny the vigor that springs from constant inoculation with New England qualities. But the Yankee nature is not less tenacious than the Scotch, and New England has an unrelaxing hold upon the descendants of New-Englanders.

An exceedingly interesting illustration of this loyalty was lately recalled by the dedication of the Crane Memorial Hall at Quincy, in Massachusetts. Fifty years ago

THOMAS CRANE, a stone-cutter, wandered away from the Quincy quarries to better his fortunes, and settled in New York. Here his sturdy character, his sagacity, intelligence, and industry, made him a prosperous man, and for many years he was one of the best, as he was one of the most modest, of the citizens of New York, ready and helpful and liberal in all worthy enterprises, and in his own noiseless way an ENOCH walking with God.

Mr. CRANE died in 1875. His children were born in New York, and have only a remote personal association with New England. But with a modesty like his own his family have erected in Quincy, the home of his youth, a beautiful memorial building, which they have given to the town, and in which the long-wandering town library will be permanently stored. An address by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, Jun., at the opening of this building, tells simply the characteristic story. For so the strong maternal heart of New England draws with secret love even her distant descendants, and binds them more closely to the great family of States of which she is but an elder member.

AMERICAN OPINION OF ASSASSINATION.

THE English press may be assured that American opinion and American law favor assassination and crime no more than those of England. The blustering Irish cowards in this country who extol murder and rejoice in the suffering of innocent people in Ireland and England derive their sole importance from the fact that the leading newspapers of New York think it worth while to ask them to talk, and then to print their rodomontade as if it were of any significance whatever. Such people represent no public opinion in this country, because their talk does not express the general Irish feeling here.

That feeling is, of course, unfriendly to England, and it has stimulated liberal contributions to the Land League. But that is far short of approving and encouraging the most wanton murders and cruelties. Meanwhile our laws and public opinion tolerate, as in England, the present expression of political opinion, as of all other. There is a German now going about this country who apparently makes money by declaring in furious public addresses that those who have money ought to be, and soon will be, summarily killed by those who have not. The only consolation of his gospel is that it promises to dispose of the preacher.

But the good sense of the United States perceives that such talk does no harm until the law tries to stop it. When, however, somebody proposes to put the talk into practice, the law deals with him peremptorily. The instant that the praise of assassins proceeds to take the form of helping them, American law will be quite as prompt and effective as English law. But in the mean while everybody may exalt murder and arson and pocket-picking, and every crime and doctrine and custom, as he chooses, and to as many people as he can persuade to pay for hearing him.

A TRICK IN RECENT LEGISLATION.

THE tricks of conference committees in legislative bodies are well known. But a performance of the conferees upon the Army Appropriation Bill in the late Congress is peculiarly suspicious, and invites careful scrutiny. In the appropriation for the pay of the army the following clause was inserted: "And hereafter vacancies occurring in the Quartermaster's and Commissary's departments of the army may, in the discretion of the President, be filled from civil life." No such provision was in the bill as it passed either House of Congress, and only the disagreements in the bill were referred to the committee. In the civil service, Congress, by passing the reform bill by a great majority, had affirmed the principle of promotion for merit and economy. In the military service, in which such promotion is a tradition to which much of the efficiency and honesty of the service is to be ascribed, the principle is discarded. The disbursement department for the army supplies, which in time of war is the robber's gate to the Treasury, is thrown wide open to the possible appointment of contractors and political agents without the examination required for a clerk in the civil service.

What does such a sly and unnoted change of the law mean? It may have passed some members of the committee carelessly, and it may have escaped the attention of Congress in its final action. But such changes are not accidents. They are craftily done for a purpose. This is a secret overthrow of one of the defenses of the Treasury well founded in long experience. It is special, personal, gagged legislation, and for whose benefit? Is it a stroke of personal vengeance, or a blow of anger and spleen at the general high character and integrity established in the military service?

It is a gross abuse to open such positions to the furious scramble of political office-seekers. It is a bitter wrong to those who are already in the service, and amply fitted for the discharge of such duties by merited promotion, and who may now be shoved aside by those who can secure political pressure. The trick looks like the last kick of some defeated and soured member of Congress, determined to do all the mischief possible before disappearing in well-earned obscurity.

POLITICAL COMEDY.

THE nomination of ex-Governor SPRAGUE by the Democrats in Rhode Island is another droll illustration of the truth of Mr. HENRY GEORGE's description of the Democratic party as an organization resolved upon getting into power at any price. Nobody knows, probably, if anybody cares, what Mr. SPRAGUE's political views are. The latest expression of them, we believe, was made in Boston, when he declared that the country was drifting toward a dangerous abyss, and that escape from it lay in electing General BUTLER President.

The Rhode Island Democrats seemed to think that the nomination of Mr. SPRAGUE spoke for itself, for they made no platform. As the matter stands, therefore, its significance, so far as the Democrats are concerned, is that they will favor General BUTLER's nomination. But for the Rhode Island Republicans the nomination of Mr. SPRAGUE by "independents," and its ratification by Democrats, is a warning of deep and intense dissatisfaction with Republican management. The Republican "machine" in the little State is alleged to be one of the most despotic in the country, and there is great impatience of its arbitrary and ruthless course.

Rhode Island Republicans have only to look across the border into Massachusetts and they will see a body of Republicans who thought "no harm in seeing what BUTLER would do." There may be enough of a similar mind in Rhode Island inclined to see what SPRAGUE will do. It is a sorry situation in either State. But what gave BUTLER his chance, and what has now given a chance to SPRAGUE? Certainly it is not greater confidence in the party which takes them, as it took GREELEY, in the hope of obtaining power. Plainly such a party has no principle and no policy except to "get in." But when intelligent Republicans, looking eagerly for their party principles and policy, see only the unbending will of a machine, what profiteth it them?

THE AQUEDUCT BILL.

THE aqueduct bill introduced into the Senate of New York provides for the superintendence of the work by a partisan commission. As the necessary cost of the work, however carefully and honestly conducted, can not be less than eighteen or twenty millions of dollars, the bill as proposed provides for an enormous job, which will delay the completion of the work indefinitely, and swell its cost to twice or thrice twenty millions.

The building of this aqueduct offers the tax-payers and residents of New York a fair opportunity of deciding whether they still have power to manage their own affairs, or whether the construction of necessary public works is merely to furnish an opportunity to a majority of such persons as the city of New York chooses to send to the Legislature to plunder the tax-payers, and through them the honest industry of the community. The vast chances of practical robbery provided by this bill, and the deliberate unconstitutional appropriation of the public money to a sectarian Protectory under the threat of the loss of a sectarian vote at the polls, show the degradation and cowardice of our local politics. Mr. ROOSEVELT, Mr. HOWE, and the fifteen who voted with them against the sectarian gift represent the real sentiment of the State, and deserve the highest honor.

If there should be no effective protest from the substantial industrial sentiment of the city against the job hidden in the aqueduct bill, there could be no reasonable complaint hereafter, however grievous the extortion might be. There has been general and adequate warning. The press has sounded the alarm. The facts are simple and easily understood, and the want of a prompt and vigorous declaration of the real public opinion of the city, which shall be heard and heeded, would furnish another illustration of the essential failure of popular government in the metropolis to secure economical and honest administration.

PERSONAL.

MR. F. E. CHURCH is painting a new picture of South American scenery, which shows that his facile brush has lost none of its old power. One of his brother artists said of him recently that he is the only man who ever painted a rainbow.

—An American author, well known in New York society, declares that he has at length discovered the exact relative values of men and women. Five women, he says, are equal to six men. Demonstration: "I have been riding a good deal lately in a Broadway omnibus, and I invariably observe that one of the seats will accommodate six men, but never more than five women." He intends to present the discovery, with his compliments, to Sorosis.

—The widow of the late Mr. SANFORD R. GIFFORD has ceased to contest his will. The point in dispute was whether or not his studio was his "domicile." He left her the pictures contained in his "domicile," but the many thousand dollars' worth of his unsold pictures elsewhere situated were bequeathed to his sister. If his studio was his "domicile," most of these works would have gone to the widow. Her contention was that as he sometimes had been known to sleep in his studio, the latter, not less than the apartments where he and she lived, deserved the name of domicile. One of Mr. GIFFORD's artist friends remarked the other day: "GIFFORD was very exact in the use of language, and when he wrote 'domicile' in his will I think he meant domicile, and not studio. I remember once reading to him an annual report that I had prepared of the Artists' Fund Society, in which I spoke of the 'generous rivalry' that had existed between that society and a similar organization. 'You mean emulation,' interrupted GIFFORD, 'not rivalry.' It was just what I did mean, and I was glad to get the word."

—While writing his *Autobiography* WAGNER had the MS. put in type and three impressions of it taken, which he gave respectively to his son, his father-in-law, and a Vienna journalist. The type was then distributed, so that no further impressions could be taken. If the work is to be in the hands of the public, it must be reprinted.

—Miss HOPE GLENN, now singing in the NILSSON concerts, is a young American who went to London to study music, and while there last year was engaged by Madame NILSSON, at the suggestion of an American lady, who is a friend to both parties. Her parents are at present residing in Florida. Her professional success has been very gratifying to a multitude of well-wishers on each side of the Atlantic, who have long admired this excellent vocalist's pluck and perseverance, and esteemed the rare worth and beauty of her private life.

—The Empress of Russia having honored a military officer at one of the state balls by permitting him to waltz with her, the pair unfortunately fell to the floor. Immediately the Emperor stepped up, asked anxiously if she was hurt, and led her away to a private room, whence, however, she soon emerged to witness the mortification of her late unlucky partner. Going to him, she requested his company for another dance, which passed off "right plentifully well," and restored to the young gallant his lost peace of mind.

—When a woman is good, says the Rev. Dr. MORGAN DIX, she is the best that there is; when she is bad, she is the worst that there is.

—Twice as many crimes are committed in London on Saturday as on any other day, and Lord BRAMWELL, the celebrated jurist, calls Saturday "pay-day, drink-day, and crime-day."

—Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., writes that what British Democrats object to is "the needless and foolish expenditure arbitrarily connected with the institution of monarchy in Great Britain. The monarch and the monarch's family now cost about £800,000 [$4,000,000] per annum. Democrats can conceive a hereditary monarchy such as ours without the abject ceremonial or the vast expenditure of a court. Much, indeed, of what is now voted to the monarch goes to fill the pockets of the aristocracy or of needy courtiers. The monarchy, assuredly, is not bound up in the annual payment of £4000 to a wealthy nobleman for walking backward with a colored stick on state occasions."

—The palettes of celebrated artists are prized after their deaths. TURNER's palette has recently been acquired by the National Gallery of London. CORÔT's palette was bought in Paris a few years ago by Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the comedian, who is an ardent admirer of the great French landscapist, and a faithful imitator of his works.

—The late Baron DAVILLIER, the art collector, became, like M. SENSIER, known to literature by his writings concerning some of the most celebrated French painters of the present generation. FORTUNY's last letter was written to the baron two weeks before that lamented artist's death. "Here I am again in the Eternal City," it began, "sad and tired, with no inclination to paint, and with a head as empty as a nest without birds; doubtless they have flown to Portici, where I spent so happy a summer." The baron described his friend as above the average height, with regular and very beautiful features, that expressed the frankness and honesty of his character, a hater of etiquette and ceremony, and while led by natural timidity to be reserved in the company of strangers, very communicative and unreserved in the presence of those whom he loved, and possessed of the rare knowledge to distinguish false comrades from true friends.

—Says President GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University: "Wealth might be well applied to the increase of the payment of college professors and the foundation of more college fellowships. Men of first-rate powers should be employed as professors, and they must be well paid, with an augmenting salary. They should not be troubled by poverty. To enable students to pursue their studies without the appearance of existing on charity, purses for excellence should be offered."

—Literary criticism is many-faced, like art criticism. Speaking of the contents of Mr. WHISTLER's recently written pamphlet, the London correspondent of a New York daily says: "Mr. WHISTLER's satire is bright and telling, and sufficiently human to excite mirth as well as admiration," while the art critic of the same paper declares that "his wit is ghastly" and "ridiculous."

—When his Holiness the Pope condemns books he uses the following formula: "No person, of whatever age or station, may, in any place or in any language, either publish in the future, or read, or keep the aforesaid works here condemned and proscribed; but every person ought to deliver them to the ordinary or to the inquisitors of heresy, under the penalties specified in the Index of Prohibited Works."

—Sick women in India must have a female medical attendant or none at all.

—"At this moment," writes an Englishwoman, "I am staying in the house with a lady who has not worn stays for fifteen years. She is now wearing a tailor-made cloth dress, with princesse polonaise, the waist measure over her dress being twenty-four inches, the bust measure thirty-four inches. When having the habit made she said to the tailor, 'I am afraid you will not be able to fit mine to your taste, as I do not wear stays.' His answer was, 'So much the better; we can always get a better fit without them.'"

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* observes that for those who knew the late Mr. J. R. GREEN his life contained a lesson greater than his works—the example of heroic patience in the face of constant suffering, of a fortitude of spirit which no difficulty could daunt and no physical weakness undermine. No greater contrast could be imagined than that of his weak voice and wasted frame with the brilliancy and geniality of his conversation.

—In his *America Revisited*, Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA confesses that during his previous visit, in 1863, he "took politically the wrong side; that is to say, I was an ardent sympathizer with the South against the North"; but explains his conduct on the ground that "I was, comparatively speaking, a young man, very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than (I hope) I am now."

—In the private office of Mr. A. A. LOW there hangs an excellent portrait of HONQUA, the famous China merchant, who accumulated, it is said, a fortune of twenty-five millions of dollars, and "would think nothing of writing off a debt of $700,000 to oblige an 'ole flen' (old friend), or giving a subscription of a million to some public object."

—WAGNER's favorite dog, Russ, is buried at the foot of his grave, the spot being marked by a stone on which the composer caused to be inscribed the words, "Hier ruht Russ und wartet." (Here rests Russ and waits.)

—From the London *News*: "M. GONCOURT, the French novelist, not long ago requested all his fair readers to send him notes of their own private experience. 'How did you feel when you were confirmed?' 'How did Alphonse whisper his passion?' These and other questions quite as intimate were sent by M. GONCOURT. Do English novelists receive any private information?"

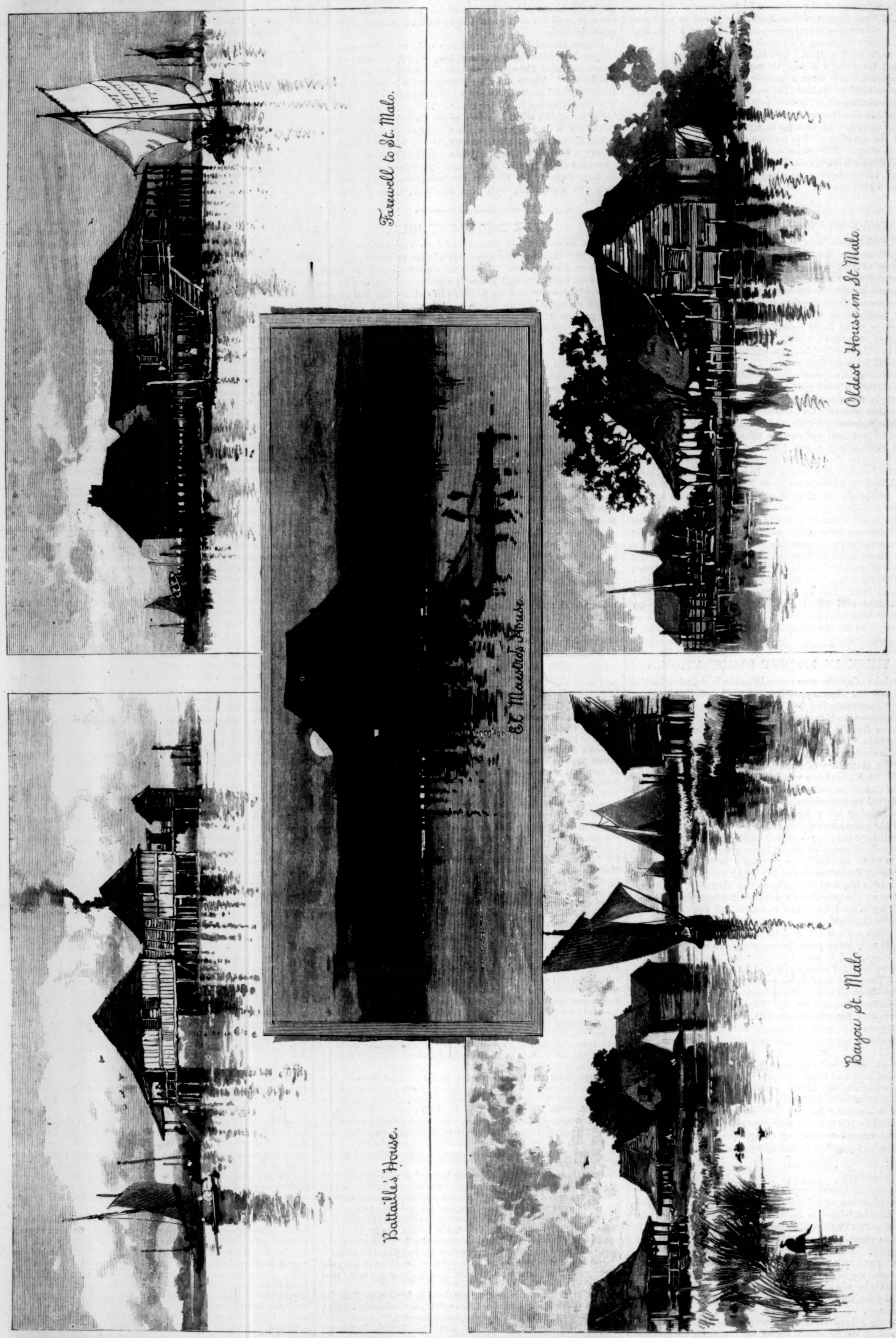
—Dr. W. A. HAMMOND tells of a patient to whom the ticking of a clock resolved itself into articulate words, such as, "Eat your soup," "Drink no wine," and so on. One day the man discovered that if he closed his right ear firmly, the morbid illusion disappeared; but if the left ear was closed, the words were distinctly heard, showing that the centre for hearing on the right side was affected, and on the left side was normal. Eventually he put clocks in every room in his house, and professed to be governed by the directions they gave him.

—LAWRENCE BARRETT, the actor, has bought a fine lot on Connecticut Avenue, Washington, near the British Legation, for $7900. Mrs. LANDER, formerly JEAN MARIE DAVENPORT, has paid $7500 for two lots near DON CAMERON's house.

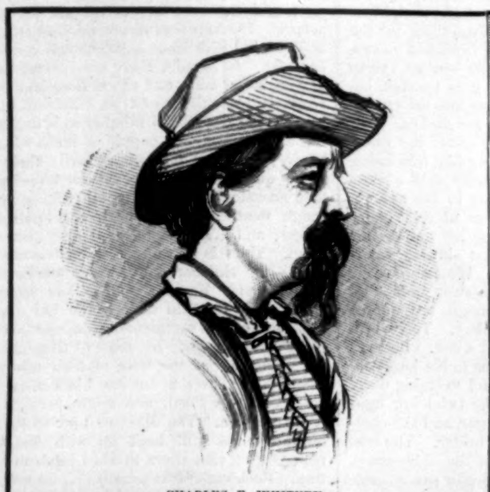
—"I have always been polite to women, and indulgent to foolish ones," said Father HYACINTHE, when interrupted by a woman during one of his public lectures at Marseilles. As the excitement continued, he boldly addressed his tumultuous enemies as "drunken savages" and "revolutionaries of the worst type."

—When the Princess of Wales and her set (says the *Spectator*) take up the notion that a certain amusement is "bad form," the fact that they have done so vitally diminishes, if it does not destroy, the animation with which that amusement is pursued in a hundred circles just beneath her own. "In other words, in those circles the amusement becomes less amusing, becomes dull and lifeless, or else defiant; but men can not be defiant when they are amusing themselves, and still take full delight in their amusements."

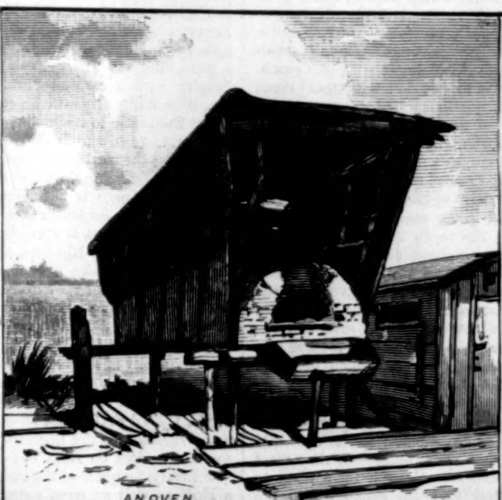
—The Sultan's favorite daughter was married at Constantinople by the following ceremony: The chief of the Mohammedan Church approached the throne, and after bowing to his Majesty, took the left hand of the bride in his left hand and the right hand of the groom in his right hand, and prayed for some minutes in a low voice. Then he said: "HAIRY, son of KIAMIL, thou art the husband of MENEHXEH, daughter of HAMID; MENEHXEH, thou art the lawful wife of HAIRY, son of KIAMIL: obey him." A small golden tray containing bread and salt was offered to the pair, with the words, "May there be plenty under your roof!" and each received a piece of parchment containing verses from the Koran, which defined the duties of a husband or a wife. "Long live the Sultan!" cried the spectators, while the bride was hurried off to her apartments. The groom did not see her again for twenty-five days, or until the public festivities were over.



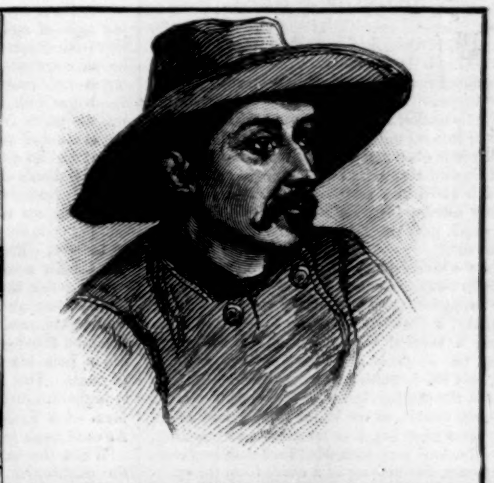
THE LACUSTRINE VILLAGE OF SAINT MALO, LOUISIANA.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 198.]



CHARLES E. WHITNEY.



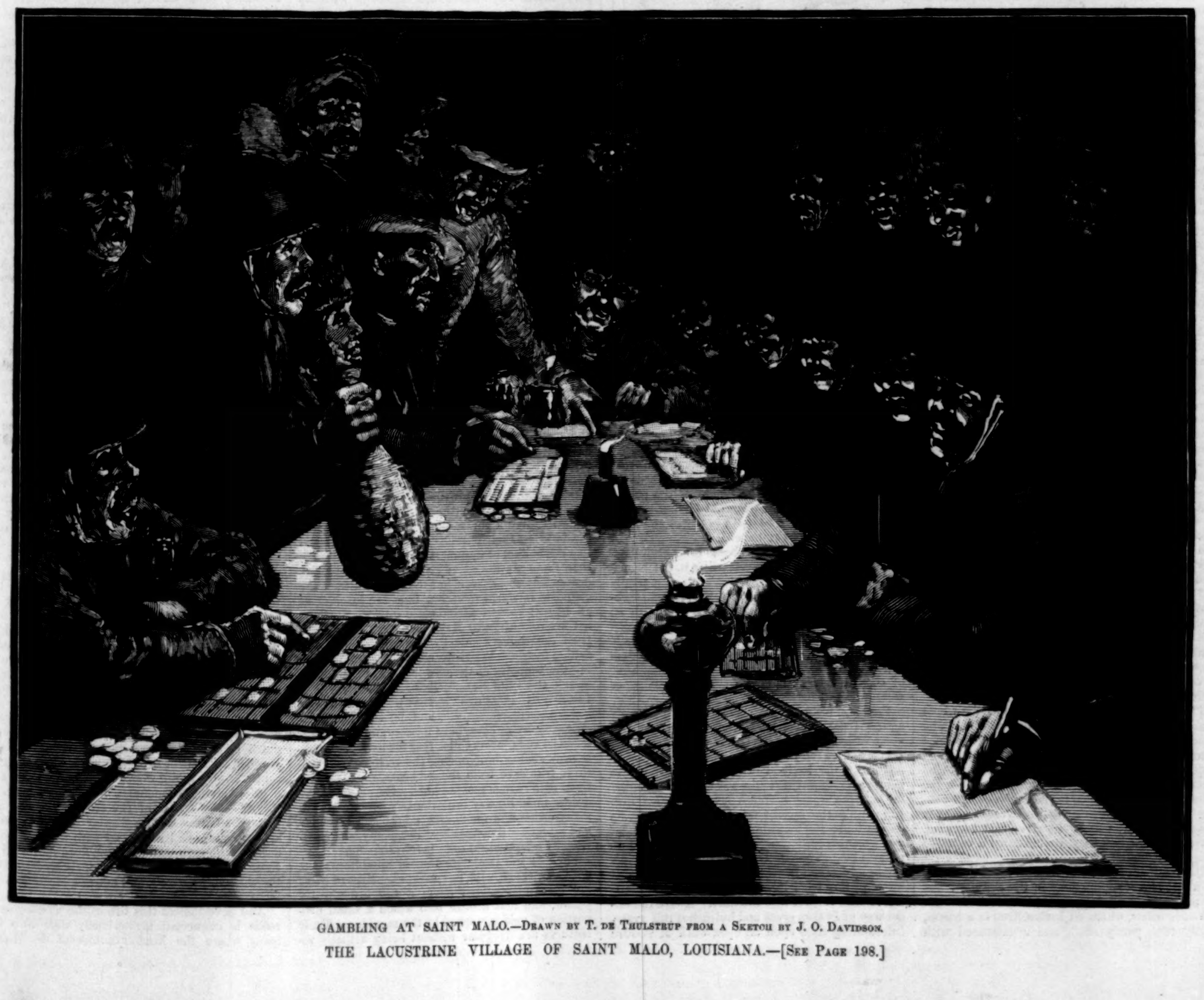
AN OVEN.



LAFCADIO HEARN.

A VEGETABLE GARDEN.

BITS OF SAINT MALO SCENERY.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Sketches by J. O. Davidson.



GAMBLING AT SAINT MALO.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.

THE LACUSTRINE VILLAGE OF SAINT MALO, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 198.]

A SALMON WHEEL.

One pleasant evening, at the Cascades of the Columbia, in Oregon, I walked up to see a salmon wheel. It is the simplest, most fatuous way of catching fishes I know of, and one of the most picturesque.

The Cascades, as their name indicates, occupy a space several miles in length where the Columbia River is obstructed by dikes of lava that have been thrown across its course, causing the water to rush down in a series of small cataracts and boiling torrents, impossible for a boat to stem, and which puts the salmon to their best paces to surmount.

At a convenient point on the southern bank of these cascades, where a narrow and deep raceway swept between the shore and a small ledge of rocks, a frame had been planted, in which swung a vertical wheel like a steamer's side wheel, the diameter of which was perhaps forty feet, and the breadth of the paddles seven feet. Most of the paddles, however, had been dispensed with, the interior of the wheel being chiefly taken up by two great cages or buckets of wire netting. These buckets were somewhat funnel-shaped compartments, diminishing in a curve from the opening, some five feet square at the rim, to the centre of the wheel, and there terminating in a wooden trough laid in a slanting position along the axle.

This huge wheel was hung low enough so that the open ends of the netting buckets should be immersed at every turn, and they were so arranged, the wheel being *undershot*, as to enter the water on the up-stream side with a downward motion. Anything swimming up the river under the wheel, therefore, would go straight into the mouth of the funnel as the wheel came around, and would be scooped up.

Carried aloft in this surprising fashion, the unharmed fishes made the most frantic leaps in the hope of escape; but the swift revolution of the wheel, elevating their prison, almost instantly hurled them down to the axle, where they slid out of the inclined and slippery trough into a pen of logs prepared for their reception.

I was foolish enough to go out and stand with the owner upon a slender board that overhung the water near the wheel; foolish, because the racing current underneath, the whirling motion of the great machines so close to my face, and the tremendous noise of the rushing and tumbling waters combined to bewilder one's faculties dangerously unless he was trained to it. However, no harm came, and the manager shouted into my ear upon our slender bridge a bookful of interesting knowledge about salmon and their ways, distinguishing the different sorts by such names as "Chinook" (best of all), "steel-head," "blue-belly," "July salmon," "spring salmon," etc., and pointing out each as an example came up in the wheel.

"How many will you catch a day?" I ask.

"That varies greatly in different years and on different days. To-day we have got 2800 so far, but we consider that light. One day we took over eleven thousand, and then stopped counting. The pen got full, and there was a regular stream of fish floppin' through the wheel, slappin' down onto the heap, and then slidin' off into the water again. I reckon they took a square drink after that bit o' luck."

"I should think the fish would avoid this big trap."

"They don't see it in time," he answered. "And I reckon their minds is full of the spawnin', and they don't notice much. However, you can make it too clumsy. Now that man over on the island there"—pointing to a similar wheel, except that the buckets were made of laths instead of netting—"ain't havin' no luck, because the salmon see his wooden boxes and shy off. I experimented a long time, and I find they can see and will scare at any colored thing except this galvanized gray wire, or else scarlet—they can't see scarlet at all."

All this time the huge wheel, revolving three times in a minute, was picking up entrapped fishes, sometimes more than one at a time. They seemed to come in pairs, two of the same sort rising together or in immediate succession. There were intervals when none were caught at all, followed by short periods of plenty, marking the passage of "schools." Some of the "Julys" weighed forty pounds, and were strong enough to make the biggest angler in the Scottish Highlands brace himself for a long struggle; but these will not bite at a hook.

As fast as the fish are caught—the wheel runs all night, so that there is a ton or so to begin the morning's work upon—they are taken into a shed and put under the knife. With a few deft strokes the rich pink flesh of their bellies is cut out and thrown into the brine, the rest of the noble animal (fully two-thirds of his edible weight) being cast aside and wasted in what seems the most wicked fashion. The fishermen reply that the half-century of steady attack upon them has not diminished perceptibly the hordes of salmon that annually ascend the great rivers; but surely sooner or later this heavy slaughter will tell upon their ranks.

The pickling uses only a fraction of the whole number of salmon caught at these wheels. The remainder are strung upon a rope in strings of a dozen each. The ropes are then fastened in large bunches to air-tight casks, and sent adrift to be picked up by the canneries along the river far below, and by them used to the credit of this fishery. We had been firing at these casks as they went bobbing past us in the river that morning, never dreaming that they carried down a valuable freight of salmon.

The number of men who first invented the salmon wheel is a standing joke in the country; but its prototype (and suggestion) was to be seen a few rods below, where an Indian lived in a house, partly tent, partly shed, and ornamented with pictures from the illustrated papers, under trees whose lower branches were decked with the dull red rays of split salmon drying in the smoke. Out from the mossy rock where his family dwelt he had constructed a little staging of poles reaching over the rushing river. There he would stand for hours with a double-handed dip-net, sweeping the water from up-stream down, trusting to the chance of accidentally dipping up a salmon. There was no difference whatever in the principle of the Indian's dip-net and the white man's wheel, and no great disparity in their mechanism.

Farther up the river another clever Indian method of taking this lordly fish by trickery was to be seen. From one bank to the other the Indians built a solid net-work of willow sprouts, weaving the barrier upon poles driven into the river-bottom about four feet apart. This fence was eighty yards long—the whole width of the Spokane River—and in the whole of it there was not a hole big enough for a salmon to crawl through. This fence, or weir, however, was not straight athwart the river. It was built in the form of a V, the point extending down-stream. At each bank was hung a small wicker door.

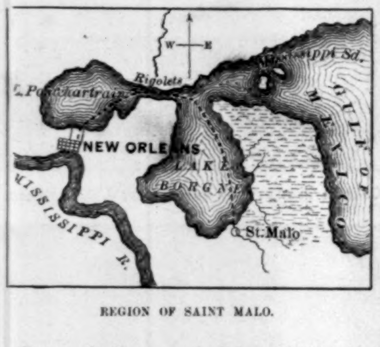
When the salmon come up-stream they meet the obstruction, and feel along it for a place to get through. Thus they are conducted to the small doors, which they push open with their noses, the force of the current shutting the door behind them the instant they have passed. Then they find themselves with many predecessors in a pen from which there is no exit, and every minute or two the little door opens to let in some new-comer. There is no danger of their becoming crowded, however, for here stand active Indian boys, naked to their belts, skillfully and tirelessly spearing the poor salmon and tossing them out on the bank. There the girls gather them in baskets woven of spruce roots, and carry them to the squaws, who speedily cut them to pieces, and set them hanging in the smoke.

There could probably be measured five thousand miles of sea and river coast upon the Columbia, Puget Sound, the Fraser River, and the other streams of British Columbia where the salmon forms the staple food of the Indian population.

Ernest Ingersoll.

SAINT MALO.

A LACUSTRINE VILLAGE IN LOUISIANA.



REGION OF SAINT MALO.

For nearly fifty years there has existed in the southeastern swamp lands of Louisiana a certain strange settlement of Malay fishermen—Tagalas from the Philippine Islands. The place of their lacustrine village is not precisely mentioned upon maps, and the world in general ignored until a few days ago the bare fact of their amphibious existence. Even the United States mail service has never found its way thither, and even in the great city of New Orleans, less than a hundred miles distant, the people were far better informed about the Carboniferous Era than concerning the swampy affairs of this Manila village. Occasionally vague echoes of its mysterious life were borne to the civilized centre, but these were scarcely of a character to tempt investigation or encourage belief. Some voluble Italian luggermen once came to town with a short cargo of oysters, and a long story regarding a ghastly "Chinese" colony in the reedy swamps south of Lake Borgne. For many years the inhabitants of the Oriental settlement had lived in peace and harmony without the presence of a single woman, but finally had managed to import an oblique-eyed beauty from beyond the Yellow Sea. Thereupon arose the first dissensions, provoking much shedding of blood. And at last the elders of the people had restored calm and fraternal feeling by sentencing the woman to be hewn in pieces and flung to the alligators of the bayou.

Possible the story is; probable it is not. Partly for the purpose of investigating it, but principally in order to offer Harper's artist a totally novel subject of artistic study, the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans chartered and fitted out an Italian lugger for a trip to the unexplored region in question—to the fishing station of Saint Malo. And a strange voyage it was. Even the Italian sailors knew not whither they were going, none of them had ever beheld the Manila village, or were aware of its location.

Starting from Spanish Fort northeastwardly across Lake Pontchartrain, after the first few miles sailed one already observes a change in the vegetation of the receding banks. The shore itself sinks, the lowland bristles with rushes and marsh grasses waving in the wind. A little further on and the water becomes deeply clouded with sap green—the myriad floating seeds of swamp vegetation. Banks dwindle away into thin lines; the greenish-yellow of the reeds changes into misty blue. Then it is all water and sky, motionless blue and heaving lazulite, until the reedy waste of Point-aux-Herbes thrusts its picturesque light-house far out into the lake. Above the wilderness of swamp grass and bulrushes this graceful building rises upon an open-work of wooden piles. Seven miles of absolute desolation separate the light-house keeper from his nearest neighbor. Nevertheless, there is a good piano there for the girls to play upon, comfortably furnished rooms, a good library. The pet cat has lost an eye in fighting with a moccasin, and it is prudent before descending from the balcony into the swamp about the house to reconnoitre for snakes. Still northeast. The sun is sinking above the rushy bank line; the west is crimsoning like iron losing its white heat. Against the ruddy light a cross is visible. There is a cemetery in the swamp. Those are the forgotten graves of light-house keepers. Our boat is spreading her pinions for flight through the Rigolets, that sinuous waterway leading to Lake Borgne. We pass by the defenseless walls of Fort Pike, a stronghold without a history, picturesque enough, but almost worthless against modern artillery. There is a solitary sergeant in charge, and a dog. Perhaps the taciturnity of the man is due to his long solitude, the vast silence of the land weighing down upon him. At last appears the twinkling light of the United States custom-house, and the enormous skeleton of the Rigolets bridge. The custom-house rises on stilts out of the sedge-grass. The pretty daughter of the inspector can manage a skiff as well as most expert oarsmen. Here let us listen awhile in the moonless night. From the south a deep sound is steadily rolling up like the surging of a thousand waves, like the long roaring of breakers. But the huge blind lake is scarcely agitated; the distant glare of a prairie fire illuminates no spurring of "white horses." What, then, is that roar, as of thunder muffled by distance, as of the moaning that seamen hear far inland while dreaming at home of phantom seas? It is only a mighty chorus of frogs, innumerable millions of frogs, chanting in the darkness over unnumbered leagues of swamp and lagoon.

On the eastern side of the Rigolets Lake Borgne has scalloped out its grass-fringed bed in the form of a gigantic clover leaf—a shallow and treacherous sea, from which all fishing-vessels scurry in wild terror when a storm begins to darken. No lugger can live in those short chopping waves when Gulf winds are mad. To reach the Manila settlement one must steer due south until the waving bulrushes again appear, this time behind muddy shoals of immense breadth. The chart announces depths varying from six inches to three and a half feet. For a while we grope about blindly along to the banks. Suddenly the mouth of a bayou appears—"Saint Malo Pass." With the aid of poles the vessel manages to shamble over a mud-bar, and forthwith rocks in forty feet of green water. We reached Saint Malo upon a leaden-colored day, and the scenery in its gray ghastliness recalled to us the weird landscape painted with words by Edgar Poe—"Silence: a Fragment."

Out of the shuddering reeds and banneretted grass on either side rise the fantastic houses of the Malay fishermen, poised upon slender supports above the marsh, like cranes or bitterns watching for scaly prey. Hard by the slimy mouth of the bayou extends a strange wharf, as ruined and rotted and unearthly as the timbers of the spectral ship in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." Odd craft huddle together beside it, fishing-nets make cobwebby drapery about the skeleton timber-work. Green are the banks, green the water is, green also with fungi every beam and plank and board and shingle of the houses upon stilts. All are built in true Manila style, with immense hat-shaped eaves and balconies, but in wood; for it had been found that palmetto and woven cane could not withstand the violence of the climate. Nevertheless, all this wood had to be shipped to the bayou from a considerable distance, for large trees do not grow in the salty swamp. The highest point of land as far as the "Devil's Elbow," three or four miles away, and even beyond it, is only six inches above low-water mark, and the men who built those houses were compelled to stand upon ladders, or other wood frame-work, while driving down the piles, lest the quagmire should swallow them up.

Below the houses are patches of grass and pools of water and stretches of gray mud, pitted with the hoof-prints of hogs. Sometimes these hoof-prints are crossed with the tracks of the alligator, and a pig is missing. Chickens there are too—sorry-looking creatures; many have but one leg, others have but one foot: the crabs have bitten them off. All these domestic creatures of the place live upon fish.

Here is the home of the mosquito, and every window throughout all the marsh country must be closed with wire netting. At sundown the insects rise like a thick fog over the lowland; in the darkness their presence is signaled by a sound like the boiling of innumerable caldrons. Worse than these are the great green-headed *tappanoes*, dreaded by the fishermen. Sand-flies attack the colonists in warm weather; fleas are insolent at all hours; spiders of immense growth rival the net-weavers of Saint Malo, and hang their webs from the timbers side by side with seines and fishing-tackle. Wood-worms are busy undermining the supports of the dwellings, and wood-ticks attack the beams and joistings. A marvellous variety of creatures haunt the surrounding swamp—reptiles, insects, and birds. The *prie-dieu*—"pray-god"—utters its soprano note; water-hens and plovers call across the marsh. Numberless snakes hide among the reeds, having little to fear save from the wild-cats, which attack them with savage recklessness. Rarely a bear or a deer finds its way near the bayou. There are many otters and musk-rats, minks and raccoons and rabbits. Buzzards float in the sky, and occasionally a bald-eagle sails before the sun.

Such is the land: its human inhabitants are not less strange, wild, picturesque. Most of them are cinnamon-colored men; a few are glossily yellow, like that bronze into which a small proportion of gold is worked by the moulder. Their features are irregular without being actually repulsive; some have the cheek-bones very prominent, and the eyes of several are set slightly aslant. The hair is generally intensely black and straight, but with some individuals it is curly and browner. In Manila there are several varieties of the Malay race, and these Louisiana settlers represent more than one type. None of them appeared tall; the greater number were under-sized, but all well knit, and supple as fresh-water eels. Their hands and feet were small; their movements quick and easy, but sailorly likewise, as of men accustomed to walk upon rocking decks in rough weather. They speak the Spanish language; and a Malay dialect is also used among them. There is only one white man in the settlement—the ship-carpenter, whom all the Malays address as "Maestro." He has learned to speak their Oriental dialect, and has conferred upon several the sacrament of baptism according to the Catholic rite; for some of these men were not Christians at the time of their advent into Louisiana. There is but one black man in this lake village—a Portuguese negro, perhaps a Brazilian maroon. The Maestro told us that communication is still kept up with Manila, and money often sent there to aid friends in emigrating. Such emigrants usually ship as seamen on board some Spanish vessel bound for American ports, and desert at the first opportunity. It is said that the colony was founded by deserters—perhaps also by desperate refugees from Spanish justice.

Justice within the colony itself, however, is of a curiously primitive kind; for there are neither magistrates nor sheriffs, neither prisons nor police. Although the region is included within the parish of St. Bernard, no Louisiana official has ever visited it; never has the tax-gatherer attempted to wend thither his unwelcome way. In the busy season a hundred fierce men are gathered together in this waste and watery place, and these must be a law unto themselves. If a really grave quarrel arises, the trouble is submitted to the arbitration of the oldest Malay in the colony, Padre Carpio, and his decisions are usually accepted without a murmur. Should a man, on the other hand, needlessly seek to provoke a difficulty, he is liable to be imprisoned within a fish-car, and left there until cold and hunger have tamed his rage, or the rising tide forces him to terms. Naturally all these men are Catholics; but a priest rarely visits them, for it costs a considerable sum to bring the ghostly father into the heart of the swamp that he may celebrate mass under the smoky rafters of Hilario's house—under the strings of dry fish.

There is no woman in the settlement, nor has the treble of a female voice been heard along the bayou for many a long year. Men who have families keep them at New Orleans, or at Proctorville, or at La Chinche; it would seem cruel to ask any woman to dwell in such a desolation, without comfort and without protection, during the long absence of the fishing-boats. Only two instances of a woman dwelling there are preserved, like beloved traditions, in the memory of the inhabitants. The first of these departed upon her husband's death; the second left the village after a desperate attempt had been made to murder her spouse. In the dead of night the man was unexpectedly assailed; his wife and little boy helped to defend him. The assailant was overcome, tied hand and foot with fish-lines, and fastened to a stake deep driven into the swamp. Next morning they found him dead: the mosquitoes and tappanoes had filled the office of executioner. No excitement was manifested; the Maestro dug a grave deep in the soft gray mud, and fixed above it a rude wooden cross, which still shows its silhouette against the sky just above the reeds.

Such was the narrative which El Maestro related to us with a strange mixture of religious compassion for the unabsolved soul, and marvellous profanity expressed in four different languages. "Only mosquitoes live there now," he added, indicating the decaying edifice where the dead man had dwelt.

But for the possession of modern fire-arms and one most ancient clock, the lake-dwellers of Saint Malo would seem to have as little in common with the civilization of the nineteenth century as had the inhabitants of the Swiss lacustrine settlements of the Bronze Epoch. Here time is measured rather by the number of alligator-skins sent to market, or the most striking incidents of successive fishing seasons, than by ordinary reckoning; and did not the Maestro keep a chalk record of the days of the week, none might know Sunday from Monday. There is absolutely no furniture in the place; not a chair, a table, or a bed can be found in all the dwellings of this aquatic village. Mattresses there are, filled with dry "Spanish beard"; but these are laid upon tiers of enormous shelves braced against the walls, where the weary fishermen slumber at night among barrels of flour and folded sails and smoked fish. Even the clothes (purchased at New Orleans or Proctorville) become as quaint and curiously tinted in that moist atmosphere as the houses of the village, and the broad hats take a greenish and grotesque aspect in odd harmony with the appearance of the ancient roofs. All the art treasures of the colony consist of a circus poster immemorially old, which is preserved with much reverence, and two photographs jealously guarded in the Maestro's sea-chest. These represent a sturdy young woman with creole eyes, and a grim-looking Frenchman with wintry beard—the wife and father of the ship-carpenter. He pointed to them with a display of feeling made strongly pathetic by contrast with the wild character of the man, and his eyes, keen and hard as those of an eagle, softened a little as he kissed the old man's portrait, and murmured, "Mon cher vieux père."

And nevertheless this life in the wilderness of reeds is connected mysteriously with New Orleans, where the head-quarters of the Manila

men's benevolent society are—*La Union Philipina*. A fisherman dies; he is buried under the rustling reeds, and a pine cross planted above his grave; but when the flesh has rotted from the bones, these are taken up and carried by some lugger to the metropolis, where they are shelved away in those curious niche tombs which recall the Roman *columbaria*.

How, then, comes it that in spite of this connection with civilized life the Malay settlement of Lake Borgne has been so long unknown? Perhaps because of the natural reticence of the people. There is still in the oldest portion of the oldest quarter of New Orleans a certain Manila restaurant hidden away in a court, and supported almost wholly by the patronage of Spanish West Indian sailors. Few people belonging to the business circles of New Orleans know of its existence. The *menu* is printed in Spanish and English; the fare is cheap and good. Now it is kept by Chinese, for the Manila man and his oblique-eyed wife, comely as any figure upon a Japanese vase, have gone away. Doubtless his ears, like sea-shells, were haunted by the moaning of the sea, and the Gulf winds called to him by night, so that he could not remain.

The most intelligent person in Saint Malo is a Malay half-breed, VALENTINE. He is an attractive figure, a supple dwarfish lad almost as broad as tall, brown as old copper, with a singularly bright eye. He was educated in the great city, but actually abandoned a fine situation in the office of a judge to return to his swarthy father in the weird swamps. The old man is still there—THOMAS DE LOS SANTOS. He married a white woman, by whom he had two children, this boy and a daughter, WINNIE, who is dead. VALENTINE is the best pirogue oarsman in the settlement, and a boat bears his name. But opposite the house of THOMAS DE LOS SANTOS rides another graceful boat, rarely used, and whitely christened with the name of the dead WINNIE. Latin names prevail in the nomenclature of boats and men: Marcellino, Francesco, Serafino, Florenzo, Victorio, Paosto, Hilario, Marcetto, are common baptismal names. The solitary creole appellation Aristide offers an anomaly. There are luggers and sloops bearing equally romantic names: *Manrico de Aragon*, *Maravilla*, *Joven Imperatriz*. Spanish piety has baptized several others with sacred words and names of martyrs.

Of the thirteen or fourteen large edifices on piles, the most picturesque is perhaps that of CARPIO—old CARPIO, who deserts the place once a year to play monte in Mexico. His home consists of three wooden edifices so arranged that the outer two advance like wings, and the wharf is placed in front of the central structure. Smoked fish black with age hang from the roof, chickens squeak upon the floor, pigs grunt under the planking. Small, squat, swart, dry, and grimy as his smoked fish is old CARPIO, but his eye is bright and quick as a lizard's.

It is at HILARIO's great *casa* that the Manila men pass stormy evenings, playing monte or a species of Spanish keno. When the *cantador*, (the caller) sings out the numbers, he always accompanies the annunciation with some rude poetry characteristic of fisher life or Catholic faith:

> Pareja de uno;
> Dos piquetes de rivero—

a pair of one (11); the *two stakes* to which the fish-car is fastened.

> Número cuatro;
> La casa del gato—

number 4; the cat's house.

> Seis con su nuéve;
> Arriba y abajo—

six with its nine (69); *up and down*.

> De dos pareja;
> Dos paticos en laguna—

pair of two (22); two *ducklings* in the lagoon or marsh—the Arabic numerals conveying by their shape this idea to the minds of fishermen. Picturesque? The numbers 77 suggest an almost similar idea—*dos gansos en laguna* (two geese in the lagoon):

> Tres y parejo;
> Edad de Cristo—

thirty-three; the age of Christ.

> Dos con su cinco;
> Buena noche pasado—

twenty-five (Christmas-eve); the "Good-night" past.

> Nuéve y parejo;
> El mas viejo—

ninety, "the oldest one." Fifty-five is called the "two boats moored" together, as the figures placed thus 55 convey that idea to the mind—*dos galíbos amarrados*. Very musical is the voice of the *cantador* as he continues, shaking up the numbers in a calabash:

> Dos y nuéve:
> Veinte y nuéve—29.
> Seis con su cuatro:
> Sêsenta y cuatro—64.
> Ocho y seis:
> Borrachenta y seis—86 (*drunken* eighty-six).
> Nina de quince (a girl of fifteen):
> Uno y cinco—15.

Polite, too, these sinister-eyed men; there was not a single person in the room who did not greet us with a hearty *buenas noches*. The artist made his sketch of that grotesque scene upon the rude plank-work which served as a gambling table by the yellow flickering of lamps fed with fish-oil.

There is no liquor in the settlement, and these hardy fishers and alligator-hunters seem none the worse therefor. Their flesh is as hard as oar-wood, and sickness rarely affects them, although they know little of comfort, and live largely upon raw fish, seasoned with vinegar and oil. There is but one chimney—a wooden structure—in the village, fires are hardly ever lighted, and in the winter the cold and the damp would soon undermine feeble constitutions.

A sunset viewed from the balcony of the Maestro's house seemed to us enchantment. The steel blue of the western horizon heated into furnace yellow, then cooled off into red splendors of astounding warmth and transparency. The bayou blushed crimson, the green of the marsh pools, of the shivering reeds, of the decaying timber-work, took fairy bronze tints, and then, immense with marsh mist, the orange-vermilion face of the sun peered luridly for the last time through the tall grasses upon the bank. Night came with marvellous choruses of frogs; the whole lowland throbbed and laughed with the wild music—a swamp-hymn deeper and mightier than even the surge sounds heard from the Rigolets bank: the world seemed to shake with it!

We sailed away just as the east began to flame again, and saw the sun arise with reeds sharply outlined against the vivid vermilion of his face. Long fish-formed clouds sailed above him through the blue, green-backed and iridescent-bellied, like the denizens of the green water below. VALENTINE hailed us from the opposite bank, holding up a struggling *poule-d'eau* which he had just rescued from a wild-cat. A few pirogues were already flashing over the bayou, ribbing the water with wavelets half emerald, half orange gold. Brighter and brighter the eastern fires grew; oranges and vermilions faded out into fierce yellow, and against the blaze all the ragged ribs of HILARIO's elfish wharf stood out in black. Somebody fired a farewell shot as we reached the mouth of the bayou; there was a waving of picturesque hands and hats; and far in our wake an alligator plashed his scaly body, making for the whispering line of reeds upon the opposite bank.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

WILLIAM PENN AND THE COLONISTS.

IN the historical composition which appears on our opening pages Mr. HOWARD PYLE represents the reception accorded to WILLIAM PENN, on the occasion of his first visit to America, in 1682, by the settlers who had already founded a flourishing colony on the banks of the Delaware. Not only Friends, but members of other denominations, Englishmen, Swedes, and Germans, joined in giving him a cordial welcome. Several conferences were held, a charter of liberties was issued, a democratic form of government was instituted, and the city of Philadelphia was planned and founded. At this time also was made the celebrated treaty with several Indian tribes—the only treaty, says VOLTAIRE, "never sworn to and never broken."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

In for a Penny, in for a Pound.—A London Doctor.—Wanted, Taste in high Circles.—Clever Russian Official.—The Woes of Jurymen.—A moving Bog.—A pattern Parson.

THERE is a proverb about not spoiling a ship for a pound of tar, and it seems there are some folks who apply it even to crime. When they have once begun with it they are not to be deterred, but meet little details as they arise with ever-new expedients. A young lady of Manchester, aged fourteen, was charged with attempting to commit suicide, and another lady of more mature years, a Mrs. Allen, with aiding and abetting her. Allen first incited Robinson to rob her father, and took the proceeds. When the theft was discovered she recommended the young person to destroy herself, as being the best way out of the scrape. The matter is of more limited range, but never since the days of Strafford has there ever been a more complete scheme of "Thorough." "We all stop somewhere," says Charles Lamb, referring to the practice of honesty, but as regards proceeding in the opposite course it would be interesting to learn where Mrs. Allen of Manchester *would* feel called upon to stop.

I am always "cracking up" doctors; and no wonder, for I have received in a long life no end of kindness from them. Not only is their calling the most noble of all callings, but no other possesses members so generous. It is the only one, also, which distinguishes in a good sense between the rich and poor, and takes into account the circumstances of a client. I heard to-day a charming anecdote of one of the foremost of our good physicians, whom I will call Sir A. B, another great doctor, and himself, were summoned to attend the sick wife of a country rector not far from London. After the consultation the parson, in bidding them good-by, slipped a fifty-pound note into B's hand; his fingers closed on it without inquiry, and he left the room. When he had gone, the parson offered the same sum to Sir A. "Why, no, sir; I looked into the clergy list before I left home, and find your living is a very small one. I shall take no fee."

"But I have private means of my own—£4000 a year."

"I am glad to hear it;" and he held out his hand and took the check like a man.

To my mind nothing can be better than this. The generosity of the man, his carefulness that B should not see it, so as not to put *him* in an invidious position, and then the very proper alacrity to take his dues!

I have often wondered how members of a royal race can find it consonant with their sense of propriety to "crack up" the head of their family. It is quite right that outsiders should vaunt their loyalty and express their admiration of monarchical institutions, but surely it is not good taste for those who are so nearly connected with Majesty to do so. The young nobleman who wrote,

> "Let law, religion, virtue, morals die,
> But leave us still our old nobility"

(or some such fustian), it seems to me showed as little good manners as good sense in so doing, inasmuch as he himself belonged to the class he eulogized. But nothing to my mind can equal for this "gude conceit o' oursels" the last words attributed to the late Prince Charles of Prussia, who, on hearing his brother announced as a visitor, "made a final effort, raised his right hand, and faintly exclaiming, 'Long live the Emperor!' expired." Apart from the conventionality of such a speech at so solemn a time, and its absurdity as addressed to a man of over eighty, it seems to me a vulgar speech—much more so than that famous "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" for which Nelson has been so hauled over the coals by posterity.

A well-meaning but slightly disingenuous French priest was punished the other day for forging Nihilist programmes in order to bring Communism into contempt. A Russian inspector of police has bettered this teaching by issuing letters signed "Socialist Committee," threatening death to wealthy personages unless they paid ransoms to that imaginary council. He not only thus strengthened the cause of order, but filled his own pockets. This is conservatism indeed.

There is an immense "to do" made about class grievances, but the most ill-used class in this country, and at the same time that to which the said country is most indebted, are jurymen. When one looks round a court of justice, it is strange to think that, except the prisoner and the spectators (who may go when they please), there are only those twelve poor creatures, packed in a box like herrings in a barrel, who are not paid for being there. They have often to sit for days patiently listening to the details of a right-of-way cause, or, as in a recent case, to a dissertation upon art by experts. And yet it appears that we do not know the worst of what British jurymen suffer. At an inquest the other day a juryman called the attention of the coroner to a grievance which, if it were not corroborated by proof, would seem incredible. For coroners' juries, it seems, working-men are usually summoned, and not only do they necessarily lose their day's pay, which they can ill afford, but *their attendance often entails dismissal by their employers.*

The applicant suggested that local tradesmen should be summoned twice for every single time that working-men are summoned. The coroner said that he could not do that, but that every one not liable to serve on other juries was summoned by him in rotation. "I can not believe," he said, "that any one has ever lost a situation through doing his legal duty."

ANOTHER JURYMAN. "I have lost it myself, sir, through being summoned on one of your juries. I showed the summons to my employer, and he told me that if I went he would put some one else in my place; and he did so."

THE CORONER. "That is a great shame. If I knew who that employer was, I would take care he should be made acquainted with the law."

The juryman at once gave up his name, and the coroner said: "I will take care that *he* shall be summoned on juries enough." And quite right too; but why was not the name of that employer made public? Though such a man must needs be shameless, the publication of his name would at least open people's eyes to his character.

Considering how one resents the calamities that fall to the common lot, it is difficult to understand what one would feel if Nature herself went out of her way to harm one. To have one's house overwhelmed by an avalanche, as happened to a whole village in Switzerland the other day, must be a circumstance to try one's temper to the uttermost—supposing the avalanche left one a temper. Even nearer home there are landslips and things. The recent proceedings of Nature at Castlerea, County Roscommon, would really have something of the sublime in it but for the character of the agent—a moving bog. Imagine a mass of mud twenty-six feet deep moving at the rate of a mile in twenty minutes, and submerging 120 acres of pasture-land, with farm and out-buildings! Inside the farm-house, which is, it seems, an exceptionally good one, the proprietor was found sitting in a state of "extreme depression and astonishment." He had heard "of the stars in their courses" fighting against a particular individual, but this was a long time ago, and perhaps he had taken it for an Eastern metaphor; indeed, he might have thought himself not much the worse for any enmity he might have excited among the celestial bodies. But the conduct of his neighbor the bog was something quite out of his experience. It had never, he said, entered into his head, but it really seems to have got everywhere else. It remains in the high-road for a quarter of a mile, ten feet deep, and threatens to burst up the bridges of the neighboring river. This is just the sort of event which half a century ago would have been called by the poor man's enemies "a judgment."

An admirable specimen of the English divine has just died near Exeter. "His generosity," we are told, "knew no bounds." His cider, which was of his own brewing, was reckoned the best in Devonshire. He handled needle and cotton with the skill of a tailor; he was a skilled mechanic, and possessed over a ton of tools; he was a member of the Volunteer Rifles to the day of his death, which happened at seventy-two; was an excellent shot, and took many prizes at Wimbledon. This gentleman, the Rev. Wilse Brown, was, of course, a man of means, but in other respects he resembles the famous clergyman of Seathwaite (his name was Walker, but he really existed) immortalized by Wordsworth. He too could hem and sew and bake and brew; indeed, if I remember right, he kept a public-house (I need not say "most respectably conducted"), and reaped the fruit of his "labors in the vineyard" very literally. Indeed, what seems the most amazing part of his performances was that though his living was less than forty pounds a year, and he had a large family, he contrived by his industry (chiefly spinning) to leave a considerable fortune behind him.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

RECENT experiments in long-distance telephoning have yielded very satisfactory results. A continuous line of wire of the Postal Telegraph Company's system was established a few days ago from this city to Cleveland, Ohio, and conversation was carried on by telephone over the seven hundred and fifty miles of wire with as much distinctness as over the short circuits of the city system. A microphone transmitter of peculiar construction was used. The membrane is of cork, with carbon trusses running from its centre to brass slips which are connected with the local battery. It is claimed that by the use of this device the instrument is made more sensitive to the sounds to be reproduced. The receiving instrument was made with the view of obviating the crackling sounds which are usually heard in telephones, and which are owing to induction. This is accomplished by so constructing the magnet that there can be no interchange of polarity between its parts. In the experiments mentioned the local battery consisted of two Fuller cells. A ground circuit was used.

Early intelligence from Newport is to the effect that fox-hunting is not likely to be one of the attractions during the coming season. This is not owing to a scarcity of foxes, but to the objections of farmers to having their fields trampled by horses running in the wake of hounds that are on the scent of a bag of anise-seed.

In a granite block recently built into a wall in Richmond is "an almost perfectly shaped blackbird outlined in mica." It may be a petrifaction of one of the historic twenty-four which were baked in a pie.

The value of a little capital to young men who go West to grow up with the country is illustrated by the experience of a Connecticut youth who has written home for a thousand dollars with which to marry a wealthy Iowa widow.

A splendid diadem is the crown which is to be placed on the head of the Emperor of Russia at his approaching coronation. The famous diamond which formerly belonged in the Brahmin temple at Tcherigam, which was carried away by a French grenadier, which came into the possession of Prince Orloff, and was presented by him to the Empress Catherine II., is its chief ornament. This stone is said to weigh 779 carats, and is valued at 30,000,000 rubles. The sceptre was made by order of Paul I., and is adorned with a diamond which possesses a historical interest greater than that of the Orloff jewel. It was once an eye of the massive gold lion on the throne of the Shah Nadir, and its companion was the Koh-i-noor, now in the possession of Queen Victoria. The stone weighs 195 carats. Catherine II. paid an Armenian 450,000 rubles for it, but it is now valued at 3,000,000 rubles.

The large increase lately in the number of telegraph wires strung over the tops of the London houses moves *Truth* to call attention to the resulting perils. "It is well to remember," says *Truth*, "that a snapped wire would cut a man's head off. In wintry weather people walk about the streets in more imminent peril of their lives than if they were in the midst of the Atlantic." What would the residents of London think if, in addition to the peril of having their heads removed by breaking telegraph wires, they had to encounter the danger of being distributed over the house-tops by exploding reservoirs of steam or gas whenever they walked in certain quarters of the city? *Truth* calls for a system of subterranean telegraph wires like that which Germany has completed, and which Russia is introducing.

The startling intelligence is printed in the London *Land* that the exterior stone-work of Westminster Abbey is disintegrating so rapidly that the necessity of refacing the entire structure is imminent. The mischief is said to result from the deposit of particles on the stone, which has given to the walls an extremely dark appearance, and in some unexplained way hastened the destroying effect of the weather on the surface.

The name of the Abilene (Texas) newspaper is the *Magnetic Quill*. One of its esteemed contemporaries is the *Jimplecute*.

Complaint is made in many parts of the country because the *Congressional Record* does not adjourn when Congress does. Two numbers of that publication have been issued since the adjournment, in one of which a single statesman occupies, with speeches that were never spoken, as much space as there is in an ordinary octavo volume of about five hundred pages.

The chief envoy from Madagascar, who possesses fifteen honors and a name with ten syllables, is an admirer of Mr. Frelinghuysen. In his estimation, the name of the Secretary of State contains sufficient letters to place him at least a considerable distance above the majority of his fellow-citizens.

An extension of time has been granted recently to a company formed for the purpose of draining the valley in which the city of Mexico is. This work was undertaken by the Spaniards after the conquest, and they made a cut three hundred feet deep and several miles long. The work occupied, it is said, a hundred years. It is proposed to deepen this cut sixty-five feet, at a cost of four million dollars. The Spaniards at first attempted to tunnel the mountains, but the water destroyed the tunnel's sides, and that method was abandoned. The Mexican government offers grants of money and land to the company that shall succeed in draining the valley.

THE FIRST VISIT OF WILLIAM PENN TO AMERICA—A CONFEREN

[CONF]ERENCE WITH THE COLONISTS.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.—[SEE PAGE 199.]

WHY THE DAISIES ARE WHITE.

Once on a time a quarrel rose,
'Tis said, between impatient Spring
And that old gray-beard Winter, who
Yet longer to his throne would cling.
"My turn it is," quoth Mistress Spring,
"To reign, and clothe the earth anew.
How long must all my beauties lie
Concealed, for fear of such as you?"

Then to the Sunbeams coaxingly
She turned and said, "To you alone
I look for help earth's chains to loose,
And drive this loiterer from the throne."
So, tempted by her smiling face,
The Sunbeams answered to her call,
And though old Winter battled well,
His kingdom soon began to fall.

"But if you think," he coldly said,
"All trace of me to wipe away,
My memory still shall haunt and lie
Upon your meadows day by day."
And on that night a messenger
By Winter sent to Daisyland
Upon each daisy blossom laid
A sheet of snow with lavish hand.

And Mistress Spring, when she beheld
The souvenir of Winter's reign,
Smiled as she softly kissed her pets,
And foiled his purpose once again;
For in the heart of each white flower
She laid a bit of golden sun,
And bade it nestle closely there
Until sweet daisy life was done.

And thus the fair field flower grew,
Spring's golden sunshine, warm and bright,
At rest forever in its heart,
The while its leaves, like snow, are white.

Mary D. Brine.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.*

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," "For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE END OF FARM FORLORN.

Yes, the old farm had looked like desolation when Reuben Fladge had driven away from it. The absence of life about it was singularly marked, although human life had only vanished in the afternoon, and it was not yet sundown. And life was not all gone from it even, for the master of Farm Forlorn had locked himself in with his household gods and was busy after his fashion. In the cottages round about the farm, and in the lower level, where old Spikins had died, making so much mischief—all the mischief—in his last helpless days, it was known that Master Woodhatch was still within the house, and hence the villagers kept in the background, guessing instinctively that the master wished to be alone. But in the cottages and in the road before the cottages men and women stood in groups and talked the matter over, and speculated on the reason of it all, and why John Woodhatch in this unseemly haste had paid them in full of all demands and done with them forever.

Knowing not the truth, dreaming not of what a man can do stung to his heart's core by disappointment and ingratitude, being only aware that John Woodhatch was a liberal giver, and liked odd folk and prison folk about him, they, with the facility for easy lying patent to ignorance in general, constructed their own history of the case, and set it down for gospel. Something had been found out, and it was necessary for John Woodhatch to get clear off. Nothing remarkable in this, for there was something to be found out in most of the lives round about this place—this being shadow-land, and these its shadows—but it was certain the master must be gone. And though they would have been glad to know the exact facts of the case, and whether murder or robbery or some gigantic swindle was at the bottom of the explanation, still in the aggregate they wished John Woodhatch *might* get comfortably away before the "slops" from Lincoln or Boston came and collared him. There were two or three strangers in the place that day who might be after the master already and have warrants in their pockets for him, who could tell? One man professed to be there out of curiosity, and another to have heard of sales at Farm Forlorn, and have come too late in the day to drive any bargain with the owner, but they were men who sat together still in the tap-room of the way-side inn and looked out of window at the stragglers, and as if half afraid of them, and what they might attempt in the way of rescue presently. Still, they were men who might be brokers balked in making a seizure, now that the doors and windows of the place were closely barred, and the master as safe within the walls as in a fortress.

The people talked in "the open," as though they had some inkling they should see the master again, and learn more of him and his motives, if they were vigilant, before the stars shone out. But the day stole away and the stars were glittering above them, and old Carlo was heard barking within the farm-yard—a sign of life and vigor yet at the old place—when one or two stragglers, getting tired at last of keeping the respectful distance which they had maintained all the afternoon, slouched past the farm and along the high-road, with their hands in their pockets and their feet scuffling up the dust—men struck out of work, and already tired of the position. The farm looked very black and gaunt as the twilight deepened into night, and the trees rustled more ominously above it, as though they had some cognizance of evil with the on-coming of the dark hours. Presently, to the amazement of more than one pair of watchful ears pricked up that night, the old dog Carlo was heard barking a good quarter of a mile away, and it was suspected then that the master had stolen from the house by the garden door, and gone the short-cut across the sand-hills to the sea. He wished to get away without any more adieux, unless he was coming back again to take care of his property after one of his wild walks on the shore, and after the habit that he had always had. The inhabitants were not certain, and did not go in search of him. They were careful folk, who did not care for walks on the sands after dark, with the awful wind tearing across hundreds of miles of sea at them, and with rank desolation right and left—they would leave all that to John Woodhatch with great pleasure. Presently they grew tired of talking over the matter even, being early people, with sleepy wives; and doors were shut, and lights extinguished in the cottage windows, and only a few reckless souls without wives, or without much care for them or for the morrow, and with extra money—John Woodhatch's money—to spend upon sour beer, proceeded to the inn, to inspect the strangers again, and take their turn at drinking hard. And the great old farm stood like a giant house beyond them, and grew blacker and blacker with the night, merging itself in the night's density at last, and then suddenly and awfully waking up to light. Waking to a deep-red light of hidden flame within, which shone forth luridly through cracks of wooden shutters and fissures in the doors, and above the shutters, where the strips of latticed glass were, and where every twisted pattern of the leaden frames became distinctly marked by a flickering light within, until the glass splintered and shivered with the heat, and smoke and sparks and fire came forth from a dozen parts at once, and each a remote, sure sign of the incendiary having been at work. The flames made steady progress, and stole like fiery serpents from room to room and corridor to corridor, crackling and snapping each scrap of wood-work in its progress; and drowsy folk within a hundred yards dreamed not of dire disaster till the hostler of the inn, crossing his stable-yard, was startled by the crimson light upon the cobble-stones, and looked up at the red sky and along the road toward the farm, as though the vision of Judgment had come suddenly upon him. It was soon known then, and Skegs Shore woke up to active life with its first wild cry of "Fire!"

All Skegs Shore became busy and excited and half mad, and people ran to and fro and shouted "Fire!" and women and children screamed; and those in other villages and at Skegs Shore proper woke up to the warning in the sky, and in all haste made for Farm Forlorn—the common centre of disaster. The old parish engine was being unearthed and getting ready for the journey; and the telegraph wires were flashing the news to busier centres, and asking for assistance. Meanwhile by the light of his own burning home John Woodhatch strode away. There was no longer darkness in his path: his favorite walk when his mind was ill at ease—as it had been so many times in his life—was steeped no more in blackness, but aglow with crimson and gold, where the wet sands caught the reflection of the sky and the waves grew bright with it.

He stopped once and looked back, and muttered, "So soon!" and then resumed his way, Carlo looking up at him as if he were as much puzzled by the master as those who had served him, and whom he had left behind that night with a grand spectacle of flame as a wind-up to his life with them.

He had not the sands to himself now. All Skegs Shore was bent on sight-seeing; a few figures ran past him now and then, knowing the short-cut to the farm as well as he; some glancing at him as they ran, and one man recognizing him and calling out his name, to which he took no heed, but strode on more rapidly. Presently, when he was close upon the old ship's skeleton, some one darted toward him full of excitement and caught him by the arm. There was no need to ask who it was that stayed his progress thus unceremoniously; there was no time, had John Woodhatch been in ignorance, for, in a husky, agitated voice, Reuben Fladge cried out,

"Master! the farm! the farm!"

"What are you doing here?" said Woodhatch, angrily; "why are you lurking about this spot—why are you not at Bleathorpe, as I ordered you?"

"I have been waiting for you. I knew you would come this way; I wanted so to see you once again!" he cried. "You won't be angry? The farm, oh! the farm is—"

"Yes, I know. Don't scream over it," said Woodhatch, interrupting him. "It is a fit and proper thing, Fladge, that that should be the end of it."

He pointed back to the red sky, and the flames rising brightly in it, and the sparks which were drifting out to sea in one continuous stream of golden flakes, with the thick, heavy wreaths of smoke following them like fate.

"Oh, master!" cried Fladge, bursting into tears; "you have burned it down, then!"

"Yes, I have."

"Oh, lor! what will they do to you for that?" John Woodhatch laughed scornfully.

"Anything they like; and I don't know if I should protest," he answered. "But there, you must not make this noise, or we shall have many spies about us. I have done no one harm in this; it was my own house, bought with my own savings, and it is better a ruin. I choose to have it a ruin, Fladge," he added, taking him by the arm, the better to impress the fact on his companion's mind; "and when you hear fools and liars talking about this, tell them so from me."

"Why did you burn it down?" gasped Fladge, glancing at his master, and half afraid of him and his manner, which was new to him.

John Woodhatch had never been a man to brook much questioning, but he made no protest in this instance to Reuben Fladge's inquiries. He was like a man anxious to explain to this one being, whose brain was not able to receive them, the motives for his desperate act. His anger at the sight of Reuben had vanished, and his voice was low and earnest, as he walked on with Fladge, his arm still linked in his.

"I burned it down, Fladge, because in that house I had met nothing but grievous shame and gross ingratitude," he said. "I wanted—I, a poor thief-born wretch—to act as God Almighty in this place and rule as king and savior. I wanted to be talked of as a great reformer of bad lives—a wondrous man, who, having known what crime was, and what temptation was, knew best the way to lead poor sinners from them. And I knew nothing—not even myself—and have been laughed at for my pains. Do you think you understand me?"

"Hardly, sir—hardly."

"Try and do so when you are alone, so that you can tell this story when I am a long way from Skegs Shore. For you are left, Fladge, to fight my battles here, you know," he said; "you who stood by me to the very end, and was the one friend left when the wreck came."

"I—I don't understand," whimpered Fladge, again, "I can't. Where are you going, master?—tell me that. And what are you going to do?"

John Woodhatch did not reply to these two extra questions. They were of the class to which he would hazard no reply. But he went on in his own way:

"You will go to Bleathorpe, and see what can be done there, Reuben, and you will take care of old Carlo for me till he dies, I know."

"Ay, that I will," Fladge answered.

"I had intended to drown him here to-night out of his misery—the misery of a master's loss, Fladge, and which a dog feels most," he muttered to himself; "but your lurking here to-night has saved the little life that's left him."

"Ay, is that it?" said the troubled Reuben.

Here John Woodhatch came to a full stop, and Fladge and Carlo stopped with him.

"I was rough and bearish to you when I saw you first," Woodhatch remarked. "Let me say, with my good-by to you, that I'm sorry you should have had any harsh words of mine to-night to sting you. But I am not myself just now—and I dare say," he added, with another short, mocking laugh, "I shall never be quite myself again. Who knows?"

Fladge regarded him wistfully. As John Woodhatch held out his hand toward him in farewell greeting he did not withdraw his own hands from the pockets into which a moment since he had thrust them.

"Why can't I go with you?" asked Fladge.

"I have said it's impossible."

"You'll want somebody—you ain't fond of your own company—and I'll never say a word or do a single thing to make you say, 'I'm sorry I took the feller with me,'" pleaded Fladge.

For an instant John Woodhatch wavered, although Reuben Fladge was not aware of it.

"It can't be. At all events just now. Perhaps," he added, "I may write to you in time to come—write to Bleathorpe, where you will be."

"Ah! that's no good," muttered Fladge. "You don't mean it?"

"Well, good-by."

"What are you going to Hull for?" asked Fladge. "You said you was going to Hull."

"It's a handy place to start from, and the ships sail out there night and day, hour after hour, to new worlds, new hopes, new lives. And, Fladge, I am very tired of the old life. There," he said, "will that do? I can explain no more than that."

"Yes. I make out—some of it" answered Fladge.

"Then good-by—and God make a man of you, and a good man!"

"Thank you, sir," answered Fladge, very humbly, and even inclining his head, as a suppliant might do receiving a benediction from his priest; "thankee, master, and—God bless *you*—allers!"

"Thanks, Fladge—I will value your last wish for me. And good-by again," he said, extending his hand once more. "Why the devil don't you say good-by?" he cried, petulantly, at last.

"I ain't a-going yet awhile."

"But you must."

"My way's your way," said Fladge. "There's the horse and trap at the Swan, and I've got to fetch it."

"I'm not going to the Swan."

"No, but you're going that way," replied Fladge, still persistent, not to say obstinate.

John Woodhatch shrugged his shoulders, and pressed the question no further. He walked on moodily toward the sand-banks, where the pathway met the sea-shore and led to the village where he was known so well, and where Lucy Brake had lived to this day. A poor, weak, loving, warm-hearted little woman, this Lucy, and not fit for him in any way, he thought very suddenly and remarkably just then, but the only woman in all his life whom he had ever thought of loving, and would have made an idol of, in his own clumsy way. Where was she now? he wondered. And why had she, with all the rest of them, gone away so easily from him, with a few commonplace expressions of regret? She might have guessed they would never meet again—that that had been his fixed resolve from the hour her father thought of giving up Skegs Shore.

He walked on, thinking of her still, and Fladge and Carlo followed in the rear. The sky was all ablaze, and lighted him along the foot-path to Skegs Shore—the old gilt tips to the vane upon the church tower seemed like little jets of flame that night, and the glass windows in the quiet village were bright with dancing lights.

There had been a rare race of the inhabitants to the farm, but there were a few dark figures dotting the main street, too indolent to make the journey, or too indifferent to sight-seeing, or with too much business at home upon their minds; and there was quite a crowd of idlers round the doors of the Swan, all talking of the fire and of John Woodhatch, and all with their faces turned to the red glare in the sky. One or two more were hurrying in the distance toward the railway station, where the down train was nearly due; and it was John Woodhatch who, seeing them, was reminded of the time, and took longer strides in their direction.

But the master of Farm Forlorn was recognized by those left behind in the old village, and more than one called out his name as he stepped into the foreground, and a few came running after him. He turned abruptly aside, with the object of evading them, and the hundred questions which would be hurled at him, but they intercepted him at right angles, and were in front of him again, two men, on whom he had never set eyes before, standing completely in his way.

"Mr. Woodhatch," said one of them.

"Yes; but I am pressed for time, and have the Hull train to catch," he said, striding by.

"Very sorry, sir," replied the man, as he and his companion kept pace with him, "but you can't go that journey yet awhile."

"Why not?"

"Very sorry, sir," he said again, "but I am a constable, and it's my business, and my unpleasant duty—to arrest you."

"To arrest me!" exclaimed John Woodhatch.

"Yes, sir; that's it."

"It is my own farm, and no one's loss but mine, you fool!" he thundered forth.

"I don't know anything about the farm, Mr. Woodhatch," said the officer; "mine's a different affair, and I hope you'll come quietly with us, and save all fuss and bother."

He glanced at the stalwart proportions of the farmer and trusted sincerely that he would.

"What is your charge?" asked John Woodhatch, calmly.

"Murder."

"Murder!" repeated the accused man, and "Murder!" echoed Reuben Fladge, in a higher key.

"Yes, sir. The old Morris Brake business, I'm sorry to say," replied the man, still deferentially; "and you'll come quietly, I hope."

"Yes," replied John Woodhatch, "quietly enough, my man. I am your prisoner."

CHAPTER V.

ON REMAND.

There was more news for this quiet and sleepy part of green old Lincolnshire—this dead-and-alive Skegs Shore, where news, as a rule, flew by and left no trace, like carrier-pigeons with tidings for a busier sphere. Moreover, here was news to be transmitted from Skegs Shore to English towns and cities, to the mighty London even, many miles away—news which might interest folk who had forgotten this dull, flat strip of coast, but remembered something about a murder near it years and years ago.

And now the murderer was discovered, and the whole story, with strange supplementary details born of the mighty imaginations of descriptive reporters paid to make the most of it, cropped up afresh in the newspapers, and, Heaven be praised! at a slack time of year, when politicians were grouse-shooting, or, if extra energetic, wearying provincial and scanty audiences with second-hand platitudes, stage thunder, and blue fire—with dismal prophecies of the country going to ruin for not taking their advice, or hymns of praise and glory for taking it implicitly, and being none the better for it just at present. The Skegs Shore murder came as a relief to the wind and water of the dull season, and people talked of it and grew interested in it, and saw love and jealousy and deep, dire revenge in it, and heaps of mystery, and all the component atoms of a big sensation.

It was a murder well pieced together, and the general public gave no thought to the possibility of the innocence of the man now under arrest. It was so indisputable a chain of evidence; it was as everybody had thought; it was as clear as day, as true as Gospel; it was absolutely natural!

John Woodhatch and Morris Brake had been rivals for the affections of the parson's daughter, and when the former had discovered the secret marriage of his pupil with the object of his love, he had waylaid and killed the youth who had supplanted him. These had always been the facts of the case, people said down in Lincolnshire; but in the absence of proof, and with a liberal expenditure of money, and an artful attempt to pose as a philanthropist, John Woodhatch had almost lived down the first suspicion which had fastened on him. And then the murder was out, and the proofs rose like ghosts from the grave of the slain man, and all was bare in the white light of God's day, with the Hands of Justice closing on the guilty one at last. A grand moral, that sin should not have all its own way, and that there was retribution to follow the commission of it.

It was known now that the weapon with which the murder was committed had been buried in the sands, and that the name of John Woodhatch was on the handle. The farmer and one Reuben Fladge, a mere tool of a stronger mind, it was asserted, had been seen digging up this spud one dark night together, and sinking it deeper again,

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

for more security. There was an old cap there also, a something Woodhatch had worn probably by way of a disguise, and the weapon had been missed from the night of the murder, and hidden here in preference to hurling it into the sea, which would have ebbed away along the level sands and left the weapon shining on the sands with the next outflow of the tide. The murderer knew that very well, and understood the coast. This Reuben Fladge was probably an accomplice, and would turn Queen's evidence when frightened a little more, the good, worthy, perspicacious general public thought. He would make the whole story stronger, having been bribed heavily, for even a farm called Tolland's had been settled on him, for no earthly reason that any one could conceive, save as a price upon his silence.

The evidence was somewhat weak at present, but the discovery of the spud would lead to business. Already it had been ascertained that John Woodhatch was not at his farm on the night of the murder, but on the sands, creeping stealthily in the direction of Skegs Shore; and the police were anxious to discover the whereabouts of a certain Mrs. Chadderton, who had sat up for him that night, and who had evidently disappeared from Farm Forlorn rather than be a witness in the case. Here was another party bribed and sent out of the way, John Woodhatch having had an inkling that the deed was being talked about again, and himself once more suspected. A deep, designing man this Woodhatch — a desperate character, and ready with the knife even as a boy, and one who might have been hanged for murder as a boy if his victim had not been mercifully spared. They had all his antecedents in the papers now—the mighty Press had him by the throat. And then to burn down the farm, and doubtless with many proofs of his crime therein; to pay his servants heavily to keep them on his side in case of an arrest, and rescue him—lest the destruction of his farm should not divert the attention of Skegs Shore folk so completely from the village as to enable him to slip away to Hull, thence to take ship away and be lost!

By some mysterious means he had been warned of his danger early on that day, but had acted just a little clumsily in some respects, and so had come to grief. Always the way with these calculating criminals: a merciful dispensation it was that they should help to put the hangman's rope around their own necks when left to their nefarious devices.

There were two letters found upon the prisoner also, it was said, which tended to implicate him more deeply than even the new evidence which had cropped up to his detriment. One letter was to a Mrs. Gregory Dorward, the wife of a deserving youth who had left Farm Forlorn probably in disgust at the conduct of its owner, telling her where money would be found to pay the passage out to Canada of herself and husband, and hinting that they were better away out of England, and might rely on further help from him when they required it. This was further evidence of bribery and corruption. The second letter—and strange that it should be so, it was thought at first—was written to the widow of the murdered man, who also, as if doubting him at last, had left suddenly for Paris, to which city the letter he had never posted—as though he had been afraid to place himself in her power—was addressed. Herein was allusion to the murder, as the motive for some forgiveness which he had asked of the young widow, and she had granted him, not knowing for what offense. "I knew who had killed Morris, and I kept the truth from you for the sake of your own peace," he had written, very vaguely, although she would guess the truth at once, he knew, when he was far away from England and beyond all chance of capture. Of course there were hypocritical wishes for her happiness, allusions to old times, and the old love he had had for her; words of long farewell, and words which were incoherent, or of a meaning which only Mrs. Lucy Brake could satisfactorily explain. It would be necessary to find Mrs. Gregory Dorward and Mrs. Brake, two beings who had occupied almost the last moments of Mr. Woodhatch before he had made a bonfire of his property. They would throw a light upon the dark corners of this *cause célèbre*, and add to the interest of the plot. But neither Mrs. Gregory Dorward nor Mrs. Morris Brake was readily discoverable. The Dorwards, a disreputable gang, as it transpired, had disappeared from Bolter's Rents a day or two ago, and up to present date the Brakes had not been discovered in Paris. Meanwhile the first examination of John Woodhatch before a bench of magistrates at Lincoln was duly reported in the papers; and the facts, more or less distorted, which had led to his arrest, and which we have foreshadowed, were set before many dull but worthy gentlemen.

One fact was startling, for a man who had maintained some position in the county, and whose badly packed portmanteau—unmistakably significant of sudden flight and haste—was crammed with notes drawn from his own bankers twenty-four hours before, and that fact was, the prisoner remained completely undefended. He had refused to send for his solicitor or to employ a counsel—it was not worth while, he said; and it was remarked in court that he regarded the whole matter apathetically, as if he were a half-interested witness in the case, rather than the party principally concerned, and over whose head was hanging so terrible a charge. He said not a word to criminate himself, which was a wise proceeding; he did not even state that he was innocent, and to the evidence against him he listened with a languid interest, which must have been sheer affectation, skeptical people thought.

There would have been a lack of sensation in the whole matter altogether had not the preliminary business been enlivened by the putting of Reuben Fladge into the witness-box, against his will, and swearing him to the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; which, to all outward seeming, he particularly objected to, raving and protesting and blundering and contradicting, and feigning to be idiotic; even raising the ire of the bench and the observant public, and then convulsing both with laughter.

It was a bad case, and went against John Woodhatch from the first. This Reuben Fladge would get himself into trouble presently, it was considered; and if not more explicit on the next occasion, might find himself in the dock along with his master. He was a bad one, had once upon a time borne the worst of characters, and it was not unlikely had had something, after all, to do with the commission of the crime. Still, he was not arrested, although detectives were told off to keep an eye upon him until the next examination; which they did, and found it dreadfully tiresome work, Reuben being prone to long, swift walks of twenty-five miles or so at a stretch, without any object that was apparent, save to render himself disagreeable, and trot the official force of Lincolnshire completely off its legs. He behaved like a madman in his perambulations too—flinging up his arms and raving at the sky, and calling for all kinds of people to come and help his master; he was altogether "playing a pretty game," it was asserted by the exhausted police detailed to follow him, and who were dead-beat already. Only the master of Farm Forlorn was calm and grave, and terribly at his ease. He would see no one; to those who came by special order to see him, or wrote to offer in one way or another their services or sympathy — there were a few of these folk, to his great surprise — he sent word to thank them, and to decline their kind offers of interposition on his behalf. In his cell, under remand, he sat and thought a great deal, but he asked no one for the news beyond his prison walls.

"What does it matter now?" he was heard to mutter once in the airing yard, when he was taking his exercise with other unfortunates to whom bail had been refused, and on whom Justice—grand and stern and merciless — had laid its mighty hands. "What does it matter now?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

VI.

CONCERNING SOME OLD FOES UNDER NEW FACES.

The history of the human race is one long story of attempts by certain persons and classes to obtain control of the power of the state so as to win earthly gratifications at the expense of others. People constantly assume that there is something metaphysical and sentimental about government. At bottom there are two things only with which government has to deal. They are the property of men and the honor of women. These it has to defend against crime. The capital which, as we have seen, is the condition of all welfare on earth, the fortification of existence, and the means of growth, is an object of cupidity. Some want to get it without paying the price of industry and economy. In ancient times they made use of force. They organized bands of robbers. They plundered laborers and merchants. Chief of all, however, they found that means of robbery which consisted in gaining control of the civil organization—the state—and using its poetry and romance as a glamour under cover of which they made robbery lawful. They developed high-spun theories of nationality, patriotism, and loyalty. They took all the rank, glory, power, and prestige of the great civil organization, and they took all the rights. They threw on others the burdens and the duties. At one time, no doubt, feudalism was an organization which drew together again the fragments of a dissolved society; but when the lawyers had applied the Roman law to modern kings, and converted the feudal nobles into an aristocracy of court nobles, the feudal nobility no longer served any purpose.

In modern times the great phenomenon has been the growth of the middle class out of the mediæval cities, the accumulation of capital, and the encroachment of capital, as a social power, on the ground formerly occupied by rank and birth. The middle class has been obliged to fight for its rights against the feudal class, and it has, during three or four centuries, gradually invented and established institutions to guarantee personal and property rights against the arbitrary will of kings and nobles.

In its turn now capital is becoming a power in the state, and, like every other power, it is liable to abuse unless restrained by checks and guarantees. There is an insolence of wealth as there is an insolence of rank. A plutocracy might be even far worse than an aristocracy. Aristocrats have always had their class vices and their class virtues. They have always been, as a class, chargeable with licentiousness and gambling. They have, however, as a class, despised lying and stealing. They have always pretended to maintain a standard of honor, although the definition and the code of honor have suffered many changes and shocking deterioration. The middle class has always abhorred gambling and licentiousness, but it has not always been strict about truth and pecuniary fidelity. That there is a code and standard of mercantile honor, which is quite as pure and grand as any military code, is beyond question, but it has never yet been established and defined by long usage and the concurrent support of a large and influential society. The feudal code has, through centuries, bred a high type of men, and constituted a caste. The mercantile code has not yet done so, but the wealthy class has attempted to merge itself in or to imitate the feudal class.

The consequence is that the wealth-power has been developed while the moral and social sanctions by which that power ought to be controlled have not yet been developed. A plutocracy would be a civil organization in which the power resided in capital, in which a man might have whatever he could buy, in which the right, interests, and feelings of those who could not pay would be overridden.

There is a plain tendency of all civilized governments toward plutocracy. The power of capital in the English House of Commons has steadily increased for fifty years. The history of the present French Republic has shown an extraordinary development of plutocratic spirit and measures. In the United States many plutocratic doctrines have a currency which is not granted them anywhere else: that is, a man's right to have almost anything which he can pay for is more popularly recognized here than elsewhere. So far the most successful limitation on plutocracy has come from aristocracy, for the prestige of rank is still great wherever it exists. The social sanctions of aristocracy tell with great force on the plutocrats, more especially on their wives and daughters. It has already resulted that a class of wealthy men is growing up in regard to whom the old sarcasms of the novels and the stage about parvenus are entirely thrown away. They are men who have no superiors, by whatever standard one chooses to measure them. Such an interplay of social forces would indeed be a great and happy solution of a new social problem if the aristocratic forces were strong enough for the magnitude of the task. If the feudal aristocracy, or its modern representative, which is, in reality, not at all feudal, could carry down into the new era and transmit to the new masters of society the grace, elegance, breeding, and culture of the past, society would certainly gain by that course of things as compared with any such rupture between past and present as occurred in the French Revolution. The dogmatic radicals who assail "on principle" the inherited social notions and distinctions are not serving civilization. Society can do without patricians, but it can not do without the patrician virtues.

In the United States the opponent of plutocracy is democracy. Nowhere else in the world has the power of capital come to be discussed in its political aspects as it is here. Nowhere else does the question arise as it does here. I have given some reasons for this in former papers. Nowhere in the world is the danger of a plutocracy as formidable as it is here. To it we oppose the power of numbers as it is presented by democracy. Democracy itself, however, is new and experimental. It has not yet existed long enough to find its appropriate forms. It has no prestige from antiquity such as aristocracy possesses. It has, indeed, none of the surroundings which appeal to the imagination. On the other hand, democracy is rooted in the physical, economic, and social circumstances of the United States. This country can not be other than democratic for an indefinite period in the future. Its political processes will also be republican. The affection of the people for democracy makes them blind and uncritical in regard to it, and they are as fond of the political fallacies to which democracy lends itself as they are of its sound and correct interpretation, or fonder. Can democracy develop itself and at the same time curb plutocracy?

Already the question presents itself as one of life or death to democracy. Legislative and judicial scandals show us that the conflict is already opened, and that it is serious. The lobby is the army of the plutocracy. An elective judiciary is a device so much in the interest of plutocracy that it must be regarded as a striking proof of the toughness of the judicial institution that it has resisted the corruption so much as it has. The caucus, convention, and committee lend themselves most readily to the purposes of interested speculators and jobbers. It is just such machinery as they might have invented if they had been trying to make political devices to serve their purpose, and their processes call in question nothing less than the possibility of free self-government under the forms of a democratic republic.

For now I come to the particular point which I desire to bring forward against all the denunciations and complainings about the power of chartered corporations and aggregated capital. If charters have been given which confer undue powers, who gave them? Our legislators did. Who elected these legislators? We did. If we are a free, self-governing people, we must understand that it costs vigilance and exertion to be self-governing. It costs far more vigilance and exertion to be so under the democratic form, where we have no aids from tradition or prestige, than under other forms. If we are a free, self-governing people, we can blame nobody but ourselves for our misfortunes. No one will come to help us out of them. It will do no good to heap law upon law, or to try by constitutional provisions simply to abstain from the use of powers which we find we always abuse. How can we get bad legislators to pass a law which shall hinder bad legislators from passing a bad law? That is what we are trying to do by many of our proposed remedies. The task before us, however, is one which calls for fresh reserves of moral force and political virtue from the very foundations of the social body. Surely it is not a new thing to us to learn that men are greedy and covetous, and that they will be selfish and tyrannical if they dare. The plutocrats are simply trying to do what the generals, nobles, and priests have done in the past—get the power of the state into their hands so as to bend the rights of others to their own advantage, and what we need to do is to recognize the fact that we are face to face with the same old foes—the vices and passions of human nature. One of the oldest and most mischievous fallacies in this country has been the notion that we are better than other nations, and that government has a smaller and easier task here than elsewhere. This fallacy has hindered us from recognizing our old foes as soon as we should have done. Then, again, these vices and passions take good care here to deck themselves out in the trappings of democratic watch-words and phrases, so that they are more often greeted with cheers than with opposition when they first appear. The plan of electing men to represent us who systematically surrender public to private interests, and then trying to cure the mischief by newspaper and platform declamation against capital and corporations, is an entire failure.

The new foes must be met, as the old ones were met, by institutions and guarantees. The problem of civil liberty is constantly renewed. Solved once, it re-appears in a new form. The old constitutional guarantees were all aimed against king and nobles. New ones must be invented to hold the power of capital to that responsibility without which no power whatever is consistent with liberty. The judiciary has given the most satisfactory evidence that it is competent to the new duty which devolves upon it. The political mountebanks who indulge in platform denunciations of capital desire, of course, to adopt fierce measures which could be paraded for political effect. Such measures would destroy capital and impair the most essential interests of society. There is, however, no reason at all to despair lest the remedies which the courts afford may not prove adequate to the protection of rights against any tyranny or insolence of capital. On the side of political machinery there is no hope, but rather fear. On the side of constitutional institutions there is ground for hope. It is no new thing to find that institutions are the real safeguard of liberty and rights whenever the latter are in danger.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

STEAM-HEATING.

The subject of steam-heating is one that has attracted much popular interest, and will attract more and more, because by the use of steam and hot-water pipes it is possible to distribute heat on the grandest scale, even to the warming of whole towns from central boilers, and at a moderate expense for fuel. The system, properly managed, is both sanitary and economical.

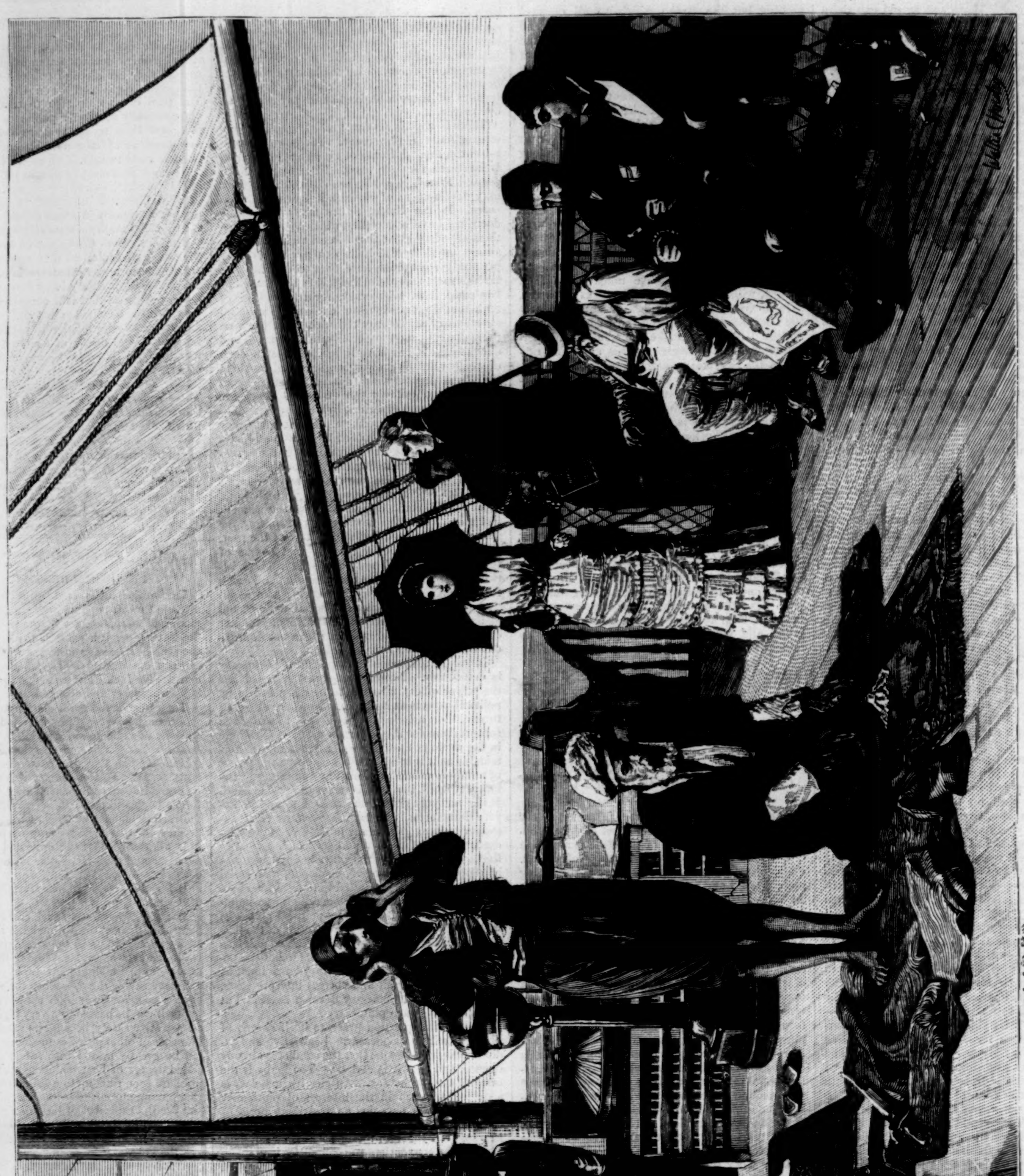
The cause of the great efficiency of heating by steam or hot-water pipes is found in the great capacity of water to store up latent heat. Water has, in other words, a great specific heat—greater, indeed, than that of any other substance. It boils at 212° F., the barometer standing at 30 inches. But after it has reached 212°, and before it begins to pass into steam, it has absorbed the further amount of 966° of heat, called latent because the thermometer does not show it. But it is all there, the 212° indicated by the thermometer and the 966° not indicated, and of this entire quantity, 1178°, the greater part is available for the heating of our dwellings by means of steam or hot-water pipes.

We may, indeed, use considerably higher temperatures than these by making the apparatus strong enough to resist the steam pressure. This is often done when it is desired to warm the walls of a room or building more rapidly than the air, as I have said is the case when the source of heat is at a comparatively high temperature. Steam by itself can be heated to a very high degree with comparative safety, because its rate of expansion, like that of other gases, is moderate. Water can not be greatly heated with safety, because each added degree of heat makes new steam, and the pressure soon runs up to a dangerous point. For very prompt and effective warming of large spaces, and for the transport of heat to a great distance, steam-heating is therefore the best. But the principle in each case is the same—the steam and the hot water in cooling give up their generous treasure of latent heat. It is by this mysterious virtue that a bottle of hot water will keep one's feet warm so much longer than the same amount of sand or other solid substance, heated to an equal degree according to the thermometer.

For ordinary warming the hot-water pipes are preferable to steam pipes, because they do not overheat the air, and are less likely than steam pipes to get out of order. They are rather cheerless things in the living-rooms, but they are an efficient contrivance for heating large houses, and especially for the halls. A temperature of 300° F. can readily be had, if desirable, in the coils of the ordinary hot-water apparatus. This is a simple thing, as generally made: it is a circuit of closed inch tubing filled with water. A coil of this is exposed to the furnace heat; the warmed water rises and flows through the upper part of the circuit, returning below, and partly cooled, to the furnace for a fresh supply of heat, and so the circuit goes on continually. A "low-pressure gravity apparatus," *i. e.*, one without an outlet, with a thorough circulation, and requiring no mechanical means to return the water to the boiler, is a very complete and economical heating apparatus. Baldwin likens it to the circulation of the blood, "the boiler being the heart, the steam pipes the arteries, and the return pipes the veins." It is safe and noiseless, and requires little trouble to manage it.

But it is for the heat supply not merely of the largest buildings, as of asylums and hospitals, but of whole villages, towns, and cities even, that the system of steam-heating promises to be available. The features of the plan are (1) great fires and boilers at a central station, where the heat can be produced in the most economical way and upon a grand scale, and (2) a system of radiating pipes so protected by felt, paper, asbestos, and atmospheric air that little of the latent heat conveyed shall escape. This teeming caloric, it is claimed, can be distributed, without much loss by radiation, to all the houses within the radius of a mile or more, at less expense than that of the same amount of heat produced in the kitchen range and cellar furnace.

This has actually been accomplished upon the



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

large scale in more than one place, as in the cities of Detroit and Lockport. In the latter place two hundred houses were heated from a central boiler. Four tons of hard coal per day were used. The steam pressure in the boiler was kept at thirty-five pounds during the winter. There were three miles of main piping leading up to the various points of consumption; the supply pipes from these mains were an inch and a half in diameter, and three-quarter-inch pipes were used in the houses. Loss of heat was prevented by a first wrapping with asbestos paper, a second with Russian felt, a third with Manila paper, and the whole was incased in timber tubing bored out three-quarters of an inch larger than the pipes and their coverings, so as to include a jacket of atmospheric air as a further protection. Injury from the expansion and contraction of the pipes according to varying temperatures was guarded against by using, at intervals of every one or two hundred feet, extension or "telescopic" joints. The pipes were then laid in the streets like gas or water mains. The loss of heat was surprisingly small. "In a house three-quarters of a mile from the boilers a bucket of cold water could be raised to boiling heat in three minutes by the passage of the steam through a perforated nozzle plunged into the bucket." The laid-on steam was used for cooking purposes, for boiling, and even for baking. For warming the houses the ordinary system of inch pipes arranged vertically as radiators was employed.

The working expenses consisted of the coal and two firemen's wages. The company laid their pipes up to the houses, the consumer having to pay for all the internal fittings. In an eight-roomed house these cost $150; in larger houses, with more expensive finishings, about $500 were paid. A meter in each building indicated the total consumption of steam.

There can be no doubt that great economy in principle may be secured by thus supplying heat from a central source, and the great experiment now in progress in New York city will be watched with much interest by those who are weary of struggling with stoves and kitchen ranges.

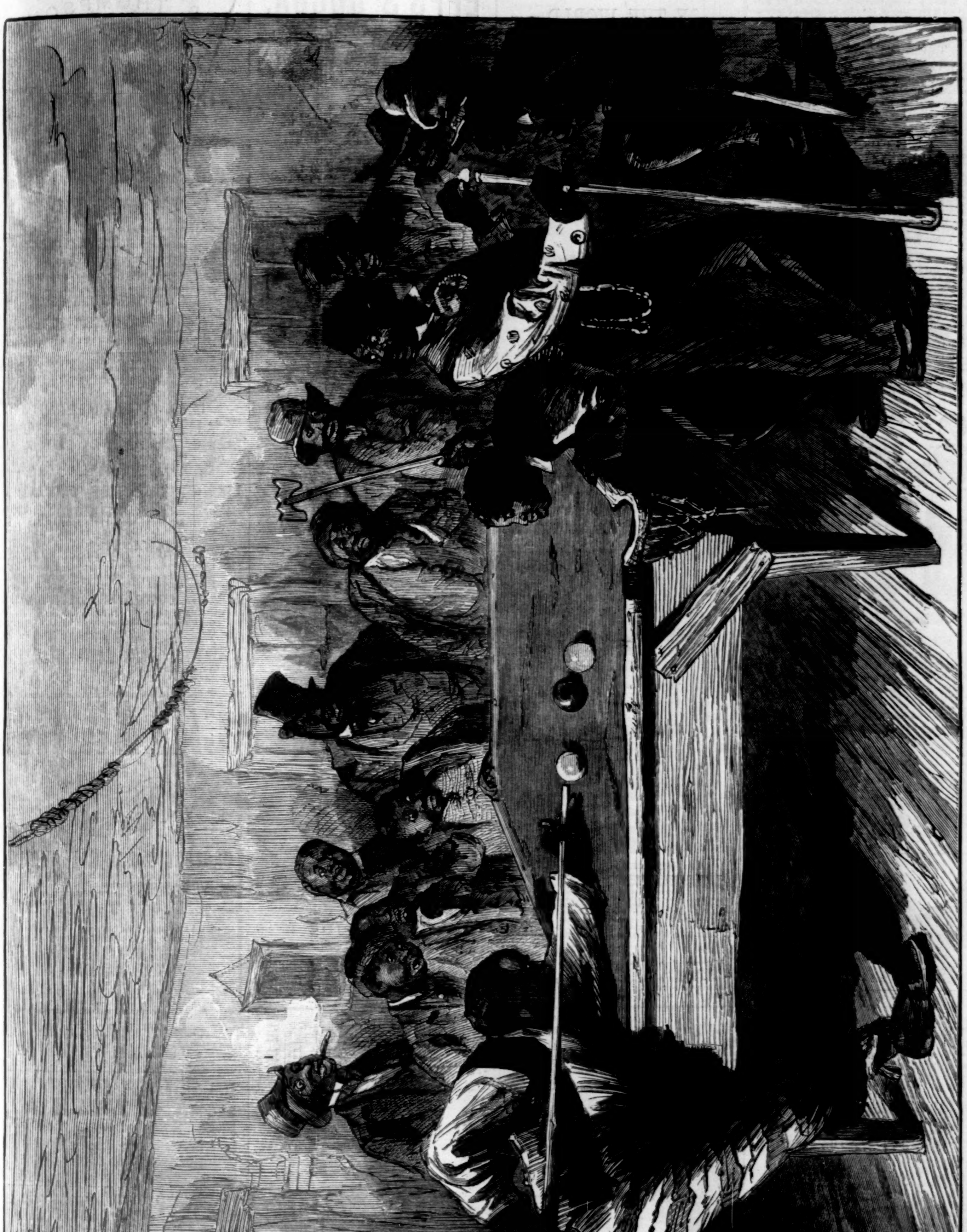
TITUS MUNSON COAN.

MUSSULMAN PRAYER AT SEA.

THE following is a translation of the beautiful form of invocation used by pious Mussulmans at sea:

"O Allah! O Exalted! O All-powerful! Thou art my God, and sufficient unto me is the knowledge thereof. We pray Thee for safety in our goings forth and in our comings in, our works and designs, our dangers and doubts.

"Subject unto us this sea, as Thou didst subject the deep unto MOSES, and subject unto us all the seas in earth and heaven, the sea of Life and the sea of Futurity, O Thou who reignest over everything, and unto whom all things return!"



THE BLACKVILLE BILLIARD CLUB—A MENACE TO VIGNAUX.

"If Mr. Johnsing make dat shot, we'll back him agin de hull Chicago Turnupment."

DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.

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Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Me., says: "I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."—[*Adv.*]

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"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a direct influence on the inflamed parts, giving relief in Coughs, Colds, and the various Throat troubles to which Singers and Public Speakers are liable. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

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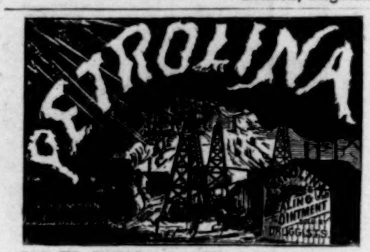

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BECAUSE I desire this beautiful Square Grand Pianoforte introduced quickly, as other sales are sure to follow; hence it pays in the end to offer the first pianoforte at a special low price. Read the description and offer, and be sure to send me your order.

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If you will remit me ONLY $225.00, and the following Due-bill, within 10 days from date, and will agree to send list of 10 persons of your acquaintance who have no Pianofortes, after you have received your instrument and are satisfied, I will box and ship you this Pianoforte (mailing you a receipted bill in full for $297.50) with Stool, Book and Music, exactly the same as I sell for $297.50.

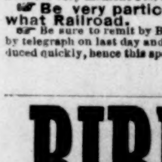
DUE BILL.

Railroad Ave., and Beatty St., Washington, New Jersey, April 5, 1883.

$72.50. On demand, **within 10 days** from date, I promise to redeem this due-bill for Seventy-two Dollars and Fifty Cents, as part payment for one of my **No. 2,023 Square Grand $297.50 Pianofortes;** the balance, **$225 to be paid me in cash** by Post-office Money-order, Express prepaid, Registered Letter, Bank Draft, or by Check, previous to the delivery of said instrument. In consideration, the holder of this due-bill agrees to send the Names of ten persons who have no Organs or Pianofortes, and further agrees to recommend the instrument to their friends, providing, however, the instrument is precisely as recommended; otherwise the Pianoforte to be taken back at the end of one year, and the $225 refunded in cash, with interest at 6 per cent. from date of remittance. [Signed.] **DANIEL F. BEATTY.**

If you do not wish an instrument yourself, you should avail yourself of this offer at once, even if you are obliged to borrow the money, as you can easily sell the Piano and realize the $72.50 profit, thereby helping me introduce the Piano.

YOUR GUARANTEE. ☞ If the Pianoforte, after one year's constant use, does not give you perfect satisfaction in every particular, and is in any way not as represented in this advertisement, I hereby bind myself to take it back and refund you your money, paid in current funds, with legal interest of New Jersey (six per cent.) I further agree to pay freight charges on the instrument both ways, the money to be refunded immediately upon receipt of the instrument at Washington, New Jersey. I further agree, if requested, to exchange it for any other organ or piano as shown in my catalogue.



Given under my hand and seal.

Write date of your remittance here.

.... 1883.

and keep this end as a complete guarantee to you.

Return due-bill with your order.

Daniel F. Beatty,

FREIGHT PREPAID. As a further inducement for you [provided you order immediately, within **10** days from date], I agree to **prepay freight** on the above Piano to your nearest railroad freight station any point east of the Mississippi River, or that far on any going west of it. This is a **rare opportunity** to place an instrument, as it were, **at your very door,** all freight prepaid, at **manufacturers' wholesale prices. Order now; nothing saved by correspondence.**

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☞ **Be very particular to give Name, Post Office, County, State, Freight Station and on what Railroad.**

☞ Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, Post-Office Money Order, Registered Letter, Express prepaid, or by Bank Check. You may accept by telegraph on last day and remit by mail on that day, which will secure this special offer. I desire this magnificent instrument introduced quickly, hence this special price, PROVIDING ORDER IS GIVEN NOW. **Address or Call upon the Manufacturer,**

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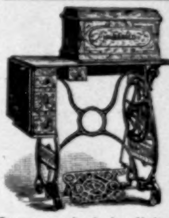

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